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ASTONISHED
AT THEIR OWN QUEER
ADVENTURES

EXTRAORDINARY
NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES
NEW YET OLD,
TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL JINGLE
INTO COMIC VERSE,

BY

ONE WHO WAS ONCE

A CHILD HIMSELF.

With Sixty Illustrations.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS),
WEST CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
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PREFACE.

THE children's rhymes of ancient times
Were jingles without reason;
The present rhymes for modern times
Are rhymes, and also reason.

I've twisted and untwisted them
To suit the present season,
And given each a pleasant turn—
May none declare it treason!
Here each will find some dear old chum,
And smile, too, when he sees him;
To meet again the friends of youth
Grown up is sure to please him.
Fresh morals freely are dispensed,
So sweet, each cries 'Give me some!'
Whilst errors have been swept away
With a remorseless besom!

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES.

Lucy Locket.

LUCY LOCKET lost her pocket,
Coming from the fair;
There was nothing in the pocket
But her new back-hair.

Kitty Fisher found the treasure—
Now, was it kind or fair
To flourish in this chignon,
And let her friend go bare?

Pippin's Hill.

ONE day I went up Pippin's Hill—
Pippin's Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty maid,
Who, alas! seemed flirty.
She declared she'd missed her way
(Which was false, 'tis plain),
For with a grin she said, 'I'm in
Search now to find Love Lane.'
I showed the way, I must confess,
And now she is my wife you'll guess.

The Lazy Scholar.

COME, you late, lazy scholar,
I shall fine you a dollar,
Beating time as you howl forth a tune.
You may dance while I state
How you ever are late,
Whilst to-day you have slumbered till noon.

The North Wind does blow.

THE north wind does blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then? poor thing!
He will fly to the barn to keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

But spring will come soon, and summer in June,
And what will the robin do then? glad thing!
In the sun all the day, blithely singing away,
He'll forget all these cold winds and snow, glad thing!

Tom Thumb.

QUEER little baby,
Frolicsome child,
Gift of the fairies—
How the dame smiled!
He, but a day old,
Striving to walk,
Calling for breakfast—
Hear the mite talk!

Wife of the farmer,
Married for years,
Mourns 'cause she's childless,
Often in tears;
Watches at fairy-rings
(At night they come),
Wished for a babe, though
Small as her thumb.

Her request's granted—
Queer little boy!
Dad don't think him much,
Still he's ma's joy.
Up to funny tricks
All the day long,
Blithe as a cricket
Singing some song.
Dame made a pudding,
Suet and plum;
Into it tumbled
Little Tom Thumb.
Struggling in the cloth,
Frightened ma so:
'Surely it's bewitched!
Hi! Pedler Joe!'
When on his shoulder
Out Tommy popped,
Alarmed the pedler,
Who pudding dropped.
Jack must secure prize
For own eating.
Cuts into dumplings,
For ease retreating.
Once tied to thistle,
To keep from harm,
The old cow ate him—
Oh, what alarm!
But her throat's tickled;
He strives to rise,
And with cough comes up—
Great their surprise!
Tom wore a small sword,
And the folks say
He was a biggish man
In his small way.
Once as he's digging—
Oh, how absurd!—
Raised by his trousers
In beak of bird;
Nice dainty morsel
To feed her brood.
But Tom's ire rises,
And fate withstood;
Fought like a tiger
When in the nest—
His new friends came off
But second-best.
One baby eagle
He killed outright,
Then dodged to 'scape from
The mother's spite;
Till, quick and sudden,
She has pounced down,
Drags him o'er water,
And drops to drown.
But a fish rising,
With open jaws,
Gives warm reception;—
Tom only roars.
Fish can't make him out,
And, deep in thought,
Soon in a cast-net
Finds himself caught.
King Arthur's cook bought
And cut up fish,
Tom makes his exit
And bows from dish.

Cook, of course frightened,
Dropping his knife,
Upsets the table
And runs for life.
Tom then crept upstairs,
Sought out the King,
Told his adventures;
Who gave a ring,
Token of favour,
Dropped o'er his head:
'Brave little mortal,
Take that,' he said.
'I'll make new order,—
Band round the neck,
Collar of valour,
Heroes to deck.'
The Queen, delighted,
Said that he ought
Now to be knighted
And stay at Court.
Oft since by courage
Tom cleared the house,
Killing or catching
Ev'ry stray mouse.
Four mice he harnessed—
Wasn't it grand,
Riding and driving
His four-in-hand?
Sometimes the monarch,
Guests to surprise,
Bade Tom crawl under
The paste of pies,
Till he gave signal;
Then, with a shout,

Just like a lion,
Hardy and bold,
Few folks would take him
For six months old.
'Talking of marriage,
I'll get a wife;
Right I should settle,
My time of life.
Find me a sweetheart, Sir,'
He asked the King:
'Your girls are too big—
Some little thing.'
King Arthur promised
And advertised,
News matrimonial
Maidens advised
Girls of small stature,
And said they ought
To hear advantage
To come to Court.
Vast applications!
Numbers applied;
But there's none fitting
For Tom Thumb's bride,
All were much too big.
The hope of wealth
For the time made them
Think small of self.
The King arranged them
In two long rows,
Tom marched between them
There to propose.
Vain all attractions!
Tom shook his head:
'I must be master,
Dears, when I wed.'
And though each morning
Fresh hosts applied,
Tom's still unplighted—
Cannot decide.
Though the great darlings
Tried all their wiles,
He's too old a bird
To catch with smiles.
But all this caprice
Bad thoughts excites,
And they held meetings
'Bout woman's rights.
'I'll ask my fairy friends,'
Exclaimed Tom Thumb,
'Down at the mossy rings
(At night they come);
They are the ones who
Whiskers supplied,
They now shall aid me
To find a bride.'
That night he went out,
But grew so glum
After six hours
'Cause they don't come.
He left polite note
'Bout thing desired,
Stating the stature
Of girl required.
So in the morning
There came to call—
Twenty young maidens,
All of them small;

All very pretty ;
And, I've been told,
Each brought a plain ring
Of burnished gold ;
Each had a soft and
Beautiful voice ;
Each made quite certain
She'd be his choice ;
Each was surprised, as
Rivals arise,
Up to the Palace door,
All of a size.
Tom was bewildered—
What could he do ?
All were so charming,
And strange, if true,
All are his juniors—
None a year old ;
All are sweet-tempered,
Not one a scold.
The King and courtiers,
All much amused,
Saw this brave suitor
Grown quite confused.
First he kissed this one,
Then he kissed that ;
Really he scarce knows
What he is at.
No decision made he,
And as time ran,
King Arthur hit on
This clever plan ;—
All the sweet maidens
Form a large ring,

First they were all girls,
Next each a boy.
(The happiest lives still
Have some alloy.)
But through Queen's bounty,
Introduced then,
Tom till he died was
Cheerfullest of men.

King Arthur lent the
Famed round table,
Hole in the middle,
Whence Tom's able
To fill all the mouths
Perched in a row.
Oh, 'twas a sight, that
Prize Baby Show!'

Nimble Jack.

JACK was nimble,
And Jack was quick,
And Jack jumped over the candlestick.

Jill she followed,
Overturned it quite,
And the tail of her night-dress set a-light.

MORAL.

A lesson for life have the little ones learnt,
For I'm sorry to say she was very much burnt.

Rub-a-dub-dub!

RUB-a-dub-dub!
Round a large foaming tub
In a yard stand three chatt'ring old women;
They regard not old saws,
Or would stay within doors
When they wash out their old dirty linen.

All are deaf, it appears,
For each word meets the ears
Of their neighbours; for loud they complain
In their spirited chat,
First of this thing, then that,
And how hubby got tipsy again.

John Smith (*Blacksmith*).

HI, John Smith! can you fix a shoe?
Marry, just a few;
Here a nail and there a nail, tick-tack too.

Hi, John Smith! can you drive a bargain?
Marry, on the nail; hold, I guess your tale:
Of the ready you don't own a farthing,
But you tack-tick here, tack-tick there,
Your tactics' to tack-tick too everywhere.

Goosey, Goosey Gander.

GOOSEY, Goosey Gander, where did you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs, and in the lady's chamber.
Upstairs he wandered, and there to eat found nothing;
Downstairs he wandered, and there he found sage stuffing.
Up again he wandered, but then 'twas in a dish,
As nicely dressed by our old cook as any one could wish.

The Cat up the Plum-tree.

RIDDLE-ME, riddle-me, rumty,
There's a black cat a-top of our plum-tree;
I'll bet you a crown that I'll soon fetch her down,
Riddle-me, riddle-me, rumty.

See, here is a stone; and now it is thrown,
Riddle-me, riddle-me, rumty.
Oh, it's just missed her head, smashed a window instead,
And the cat's still a-top of our plum-tree.

Nebuchadnezzar.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, I find from the *News*,*
Has sold his young wife for a pair of old shoes:
Now, p'raps you'll consider the bargain dirt-cheap,
If you do, at conclusions you take a sad leap;—
For I've learnt from the man who concluded the barter,
She was dear at the price, for he'd purchased a tartar.

* *The Matrimonial News*, 3*d.* weekly.

The Ride.

ONE day I went out riding, and had a jolly trot;
That day I had a hiding, but this I relished not.
Now where had I gone riding? To this I answered not:
I shirked another hiding upon a tender spot.

The Lion and the Unicorn.

THE Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown;
The Lion knocked the Unicorn twice upside down.
Some gave him white bread, and some gave him brown,
For they were sympathising folk in that small county-town.
'Now, really,' said the Unicorn, 'I've had so many rolls,
I'd rather get a jug of beer from you, kind, gen'rous souls.'

Hush-a-bye, Baby.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle, and baby, and all.
The dear little babe was a black little crow,
One of three, newly-hatched, lying all in a row,
In a snug little nest at the top of a tree;
And the wind, let it blow, there no danger can be.

Dickory Dock.

DICKORY, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down he run,
Dickory, dickory, dock.
But a little black kitten came strolling by,
Dickory, dickory, dock;
And she snapped up the mouse and she glanced at the clock,
Dickory, dickory, dock.
'Ah, this is the time of day!' quoth she;
'It is dinner-time now both with you and for me.'

Margery Daw.

SEE, saw! Margery Daw sold her bed and lay in the straw;
Wasn't she a dirty slut, to sell her bed and lie in the dirt?

MORAL.

From this very sad tale all young folks may relie on it,
As they make up their couch they are certain to lie on it.

Old King Cole.

OLD King Cole was a jolly old soul,
Yea, a merry old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Old Queen Cole was a very queer soul,
And as grumpy as a soul could be ;
For she quarrell'd with each maid
So got no attention paid,
Though she rang the bells from dinner-time to tea.

But Princess Cole was a darling little soul,
As an angel good and kind was she,
For she went from door to door
To relieve the needy poor,
And was happy as a girl can be.

Banbury Cross.

RIDE a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
And go to the fair as a matter of course ;
For there's a grand circus, and many a show ;
And the girls ring their fingers, tie bells to each toe,
Ride and dance, and make music wherever they go.

For every Ill.

FOR ev'ry ill beneath the sun
There is some remedy, or none:
If there be one, then strive to find it;
If there be none, then never mind it.

The ill I mourn 's a scolding wife,
The cure I've sought for half my life,
And while she breathes I shall not find it:
Talk of her tongue! I'm forced to mind it.

Little Tom Tucker.

LITTLE Tom Tucker sings for his supper—
What does he long for, white bread and butter?
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry without e'er a wife?

Supper now is ended, 'Mother, here's your knife:
Whilst I've got you, mother, I'll never want a wife;
Whilst I've bread and butter, and you love a song,
I will sing from lunch to tea—in fact, the whole day long.'

The Aquarium.

JANET and Marion bought an aquarium,
Full of tadpoles, and weeds, and small fishes;
But Grimalkin one day came out angling that way—
Smashed the globe, and brought grief to both misses.

Wishes.

IF wishes were horses, then beggars might ride;
If women were angels, I'd make one my bride;
But as some are quite t'other, 'tis hard to decide:
Oh, the woe with a vixen to be ever tied!

Three Little Kittens.

THREE little kittens had washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry,
When a dog, just for fun, stole every one,
And made all the pussy-cats cry.
As the three little kittens had lost their mittens,
Their mother, she gave them cuffs
On the side of each head—till away they all fled,
And rolled over like so many muffs.

The Three Bears.

FAIR little Silverlocks, beautiful child,
Abounding in spirits and p'raps rather wild,
Of her home she's the sunshine, the joy, and the life,
To the honest young farmer and his honoured wife.
Far away through the fields she delighted to ride—
Yea, mile after mile—no one else by her side.
Then away in the forest she'd ramble, in quest
Of a handful of nuts or a chaffinch's nest.
One day she rose early, the woods to explore,
And ventured still further than ever before,
When she came to a castle of mud, sticks, and stones:
'Oh, I wonder,' thought she, 'who this funny place owns?
It appears a new place, but is almost a ruin;
Oh, I see there's a name—he is called Mr. Bruin.
I will tap at the door, and may p'raps peep inside;
I can ask for some water, my real thoughts to hide.'
She knocked, and she knocked, and she pulled at the bell,
But as nobody came she the latch raised as well,
And walked into a parlour, where she found three chairs,
And a painting in oil of three comical bears.
The first chair was wood, and the next chair was leather;
But the third, made of cane, pleased her most altogether:
So she plumped herself down, but arose with a shout,
For her sudden descent had the bottom knocked out.
Then her eyes met the picture, and didn't they stare,
The large, and the little, and middling bear!
Then she strayed to the kitchen, and found, steaming hot,
Some savoury porridge just turned from the pot;
Which pleased her so much by its delicious smell,
That it soon was applied to her palate as well.
But of all the three basonsful, one, like a cup,
Was the coolest, and thus she soon gobbled it up.

In this room, too, a picture she found, I declare,
Of a large, and a little, and middling bear.
Then she ran up the stairs, as there's no one about
(The family must for the day have gone out),
When she came to a room with three beds in a row:
'Ah, the smallest is softest and snuggest, I know!
And as I am tired now, and hot, I just choose
To rest a few moments and have a sweet snooze.
Oh, how funny! they've got, too, a picture up there,
Of a large, and a small, and a middling bear.'
In a very few minutes she fell fast asleep.
Had she been but awake it had made her heart leap
To hear the gate open, for who should be there
But a large, and a small, and a middling bear!
'There has some one been here!' cried a voice loud and gruff.
'There has some one been here!' said his wife, 'sure enough.'
'And they've left the door open, I really declare!'
Said their daughter, the youngest and littlest bear.
'Oh, I hope, if they're robbers, that they've taken nought,
But are still in the house, and may thus soon be caught.'
'Let us go to the parlour, and see if they're there.'
They enter, and Bruin walks up to his chair:
'There has some one been here, and has stood on my seat!'
'There has some one been here, too, with sad muddy feet!'
Dame Bruin exclaimed. 'If I knew who they were,
They should rue it for wiping their feet on my chair.'
Then Miss Bruin, in tears, cried, 'Oh, dear! I've just found
That they've broken my new chair right down to the ground!'
'Let us look to our porridge—it now must be cool;'
And the dame leads the way. 'Who has knocked down the stool?
Who has been at my bason?' the old father cried.
'And has cleaned out my porridge?' his daughter replied.
Then they went to the bed-room, to change their attire:—
'There has some one been here, too, and stirred up the fire!'

'There has some one been here, too, and turned down my quilt!'
'There has some one been here, for the water is spilt!'
'There has some one been here!' cried a voice sharp and shrill;
'There has some one been here, and is lying here still!'
Then Silverlocks, waking, encountered the stare
Of the large, and the little, and middling bear.
But she feigned fast asleep, just to have a short think,
For she felt of a mess she was close to the brink,

And considered how she from their presence might steal,
Ere her host and her hostess should have their next meal.
Now she knows very well she has no business there,
Yet would teach them the maxim of bear and forbear.
'Here she is, sure enough!' said large, middling, and small;
'And we'll have her for supper!' they cried, one and all.
'Now we'll go,' said the dame, 'just to make up the fire;
And, my dear, you must watch till your aid we require.
But as soon she will waken, I have little doubt,

I will lock you both in, so that she can't get out.'
Their footsteps descend, but they scarcely had gone
Ere Silverlocks rouses, and feigns a good yawn;
Then looks at Miss Bruin, and says, 'Oh, my dear,
What a beautiful mansion you've got, love, up here!'
Then Miss Bruin approached, just to give her a hug,
But Silverlocks' shoulders arose with a shrug:
'Oh, do not come near me! I'm thinner than weasels,
And you would be certain to sicken with measles.
Oh, save your dear parents and drive me away;
I shall never be happy, I'm sure, from this day,
For I often have heard all our folks at home talk
Of the danger of eating off measly pork.
And should any ill from my visit betide,
I should never forgive myself—not till I died;
And should you now eat me, I plainly can see,
In the state I am in, I must sure disagree.'
'And have you got measles?' the little bear said;
'And you have been lying so long in my bed!
Oh, how shall I 'scape it? Oh, what shall I do?
And my parents, alas! they may p'rhaps catch it too!'
Then Silverlocks sprang with a bound from the bed,
The coverlet tore into many a shred,
Made a rope from the window, and swiftly down slid,
And scampered for home like a one-year-old kid.

The Weakly Chicken.

HUSH-A-BYE, chicky, the worst out of ten,
Thy daddy's a bantam, thy ma's a black hen;
Your brothers are crowing, and think they can sing;
Your aunt lays an egg for our baked rice-pudding.

Dame Wiggins of Lee.

DAME WIGGINS of Lee was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a needle or washed in a bowl;
Who held mice and rats in such antipathy,
That seven fine cats kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

Now, alas! the Dame died, and I've heard folks relate
How her friends were dispersed, and each met a sad fate:
But if cats won't, alas! to their morals attend,
Of course we expect they will meet some bad end.

The first, turning poacher, was caught in a trap,
By one of the keepers, who gave her a rap;
Then hung her aloft, as a warning to be
To all other game-stirs who came nigh that tree.

The next went to sea—there's a wreck and no meat,
So poor pussy was cooked, and declared quite a treat.
The third it was killed for the sake of its skin,
To cover the muffs the girls put their hands in.

The fourth led a sad and a dissolute life,
And at length was destroyed for ill-treating his wife.
Whilst the fifth o'er the tiles went to take a short cut,
And slid down from a roof and was drowned in a butt.

The next in a street-fight was killed by a dog;
He had supped with a friend, and had drunk too much grog.
The last, growing feeble (the Chronicler says),
Was knocked down by a horse and run o'er by the chaise.

So this was the end of the seven fine cats
Dame Wiggins had kept to preserve her from rats.
Oh! how happy they lived with the Dame down at Lee,
And how sad that each death was a cat-as-trophy!

Little Jack Horner.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'
Little Jack Horner crept out of his corner,
As soon as he'd finished the pie;
But his mother she spied him and gave him a hiding—
The reason young folks must guess why.

Man and Wife.

THERE was a little man, and he had a little wife,
And she was both the pleasure and the worry of his life;
For she had a little temper, which she very often lost,
Which the poor unlucky fellow found as often to his cost.

Hark! hark!

HARK! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars they tramp the town;
So to-night let them loose to protect the hen-roost,
Or to-morrow our dame will frown!

The Snail.

LAZY old snail, come out of your shell ;
To slumber at night is all very well :
But now the sun shines, and your face I would see,--
Come, your shutters unclose, or a slug-gard you'll be !

Ice-sick-all.

THREE children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in—
The rest they ran away.
Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned !
These three little children, as since I've been told,
From their duck in the river all caught a sad cold ;
But their toes in hot water, and gruel at night,
And a nice little whipping, soon cured them outright !

Peter Piper.

PETER PIPER picked a penn'orth of pepper out of a pauper's pocket.
If Peter Piper picked a penn'orth of pepper out of a pauper's pocket,
Where's the produce of the pauper's pocket Peter Piper picked?
And where's the Police?

Mary Contrary.

OH, Mary, Mary, sweet little fairy,
How gaily your garden grows!
With its bright blue-bells, and its border of shells,
And the columbines planted in rows.

Oh, Mary, Mary, why so contrary?
Oh, wherefore say 'No, no, no!'
When I'd make you my wife, and as happy for life
As a child at the Lord Mayor's show?

The Little Cock-Sparrow.

A LITTLE Cock-sparrow sat top of a tree,
And he whistled so merry, so happy was he ;
Till a little boy came with his bow and his arrow,
And threatened to shoot at this little Cock-sparrow.

'Oh! your body will make me a nice little stew,
And your giblets will make me a little pie, too.'
Says the little Cock-sparrow, 'I'll be shot if I stay,
So I'm off, little sportsman, and wish you good day.'

MORAL.

Don't count up your chickens before they are hatched,
Or count on a dinner before it is catched.

The Carrion Crow.

THERE was an old crow once sat upon an oak,
Watching a fat tailor cutting out a cloak :
'Heigho!' says the Carrion Crow,
'You of your trade, sir, very little know!'
'Wife!' cried the tailor, 'bring arrows and a bow,
And I'll harrow up the feelings of this wretched Carrion Crow!'
'Heigho!' said the Carrion Crow,
'Now mind you do not aim too high, and mind don't shoot too
The tailor shot, but the cruel, treach'rous dart,
Flew far wide of the enemy, and pierced the old sow's heart.
'Heigho!' says the Carrion Crow,
'Passionate old tailor, I guessed it would be so!'
'Wife! run and fetch me some treacle in a spoon,
That I may try and put an end to our sow's swoon.'
''Tis useless!' cried his better-half, now weeping o'er the slain,
'She must be cured as bacon now—she'll never grunt again.'

The tailor then cast up a stone to strike the foeman dead ;
But midway, lo ! to earth it fell, and cracked his old wife's head.
'Heigho!' cries the Carrion Crow,
'If I must speak, your aims are weak; pray who has felt that blow?'
The tailor now beside himself, his anger mounting higher,
Has brought some straw, some sticks, a torch, to set the tree on fire.

'Heigho!' said the Carrion Crow,
'As now you're getting personal, I deem it time to go.'
The tree was dry, the wind was high, the flames with great despatch
Climb up the oak midst clouds of smoke, and reach the cottage thatch.
'Heigho!' cries the Carrion Crow,
'Excuse me, Mr. Tailor, if over you I crow!'

That night there was a party, the poor old sow was there,
And five-and-twenty blackbirds—so I've heard folks declare.
'Heigho!' sings the Carrion Crow,
'Let's drink the funny tailor's health, my friends, before we go.'

MORAL.

Don't give way to temper, though 'tis much the fashion,
And if crows crow over you, don't get in a passion;
Never go out shooting, if only with a bow,
Without a glance on every side—above, behind, below.

Bad Companions.

SOME little mice sat in a hole to spin,
Puss came by and puss peeped in—
'May I come and help you to wind up your threads?'
'Oh, no, Mistress Pussy, you'd bite off our heads!'

'Now, surely, you're joking!' the Cat replied,
'On my word and my honour you may confide;
I never touch nothing but bread soaked in milk:
Oh, let me then come in to wind up your silk.'

'Oh, no, thank you, Miss Puss, we've heard mother relate
How that she, through your aid, nearly met a sad fate;
And besides, from the books we have read for advice,
We have learnt "there are cats who can feed upon mice!"'

MORAL.

Then all you young people from this beware,
Against all bad companions the door shut with care;
For had these mice trifled with what mother said,
They had all in a moment been dead—quite dead!

John Cook.

JOHN COOK he had a little grey mare,
He, he, he, and haw, haw, haw;
Its body was thin and its back it was bare,
For he fed it on nothing but straw.

John Cook he went riding up Down-come-hill,
He, he, he, and haw, haw, haw;
When the mare she laid down, and she made her will,
And resolved not to work any more.

Now what were her legacies? what was her wealth?
He, he, he, and haw, haw, haw;
There 's a rotten old bridle a-top of the shelf,
And a half truss of musty old straw.

Molly.

MOLLY my wife and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She had money and I had none,
This was how the row begun.

Molly my wife, when she goes out,
Spends twice as much as she ought, no doubt;
But declares 'tis her money has been expended,
So I hold my tongue, and the row is ended.

Idle Jenny.

JENNY, indeed, is come out to weed,
But is idle and don't please her master;
So to her he will pay but a penny a-day,
Because she don't work any faster.

This Pig and that Pig.

THIS little pig went to market,
(And got sold.)
This little pig stayed at home,
(Got a cold.)
This little pig had roast beef,
(Was a thief.)
This little pig had none,
(Where's the fun ?)
And this t'other little pig went 'Weak! weak! weak!
(For about a fortnight).

Toddlekins.

PRETTY little Toddlekins, stumbling about ;
Funny little Toddlekins, turn your toes more out ;
Pretty little Toddlekins, lay hold of the chair ;
Funny little Toddlekins has tumbled, I declare.

Tommy Torment.

NAUGHTY Tommy Torment did very wicked things—
He used to catch blue-bottle flies and pull off legs and wings.
His mother, she grew angry, and sold him to a sweep,
So up the sooty chimneys with broom he had to creep:
But when he felt right sorry she bought him back again,
And never more, may you be sure, will he give insects pain.
He studies now their instincts, and finds to his surprise,
How clever are their habits—how cunning, and how wise.

Robin and Richard.

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men,
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky—
'Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high!
You run for water, and I for brush-bag,
For to be in time now we must race like a nag.'
They dressed and came downstairs, but found breakfast done,
And all cleared away—so of course they got none,
But starved all the morn, getting thinner and thinner,
Till, hungry as hunters, they're both in time for dinner.

Rolly-Polly, Gammon and Spinach.

ROLLY-polly jam-pudding I think very nice.
Heigho for rolly!
Of gammon of bacon I'll just take a slice,
With a good help of spinach, a little boiled rice.
Are you certain there ain't any rolly?

The Beggars.

HERE comes a poor woman from Baby-land,
With three poor children in her hand;
They all can beg, and all can steal:
Had I but my wish, they a rod should feel!

Little Goody Twoshoes.

LITTLE Goody Twoshoes went into the fair,
Little Goody Twoshoes went into a show,
Little Goody Twoshoes saw a dancing bear,
Little Goody Twoshoes she was frightened so;
Naughty Goody Twoshoes had no business there,
Mother she had told her not to go near the fair.

Unlicensed Victualler.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
But though victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
This funny old lady would never be quiet.

At the reason I think we may give a shrewd guess,
For she ever was eating some horrible mess,—
Munching apples and nuts, and things out of the question,
For folks without teeth and an impaired digestion.

As to drink, though her liquors were quite the right sort,
She for ever was taking far more than she ought;
So that now from her feelings, from drink and from diet,
The wonder had been if she could have kept quiet.

Little Boy Blue.

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.
The little boy blew till he bursted his horn,
But no sheep nor cow cared, for they're all in the corn.

Baby Bunting.

BABY Baby Bunting, father's gone a-hunting,
To catch a little rabbit-skin to put the baby bunting in.
When the rabbit-skin circled the sweet baby fair,
'Sure,' the father exclaimed, 'it is my son and heir!'

The Yankee Doodles.

THE Yankee Doodles came to town,
The public to befoodle ;
Their proper name's Alonzo Brown,
There's none of them a noodle :
For he's a do and she's a do, and so is little Doodle—
He does his pa and does his ma, and also does the poodle.

Eccentric.

A FUNNY old lady, whose eggs didn't sell,
Returning from market (as I've heard tell),
Fell fast asleep on the road. No doubt
The weather was to blame, and that glass of stout.
Now, being one beside herself, how could she feel surprise ?
A short-coated old woman, what dog could recognise ?
(The Pedler had curtailed her crinoline.)

Beauty and the Beast.

OH! wasn't she a beauty! a little charming beauty!
And wasn't he an ugly, a large atrocious beast?
How could she ever fancy (but women take such fancies);
For he was most forbidding, just to say the very least?

She met him out a-walking,
And somehow they got talking,
I cannot tell you where.
At first she quite forsook him,
For she by chance mistook him,
For some stray dancing bear.
She found him gay and sprightly,
And with him tripped on lightly—
This was enough for one day.
But he followed to her cottage,
And they lunched off treacle-pottage,
And appointments made for Sunday.
This day they crossed the bean-field,
To go to Doctor Greenfield,
And made love all the way.
She found him most engaging,
His fervour there's no caging:
Says he, 'Let's name the day,
For earnest is my passion,
Love at first sight's my fashion.
Be mine, you little duck!
For if you me deride, miss,
I'll fly to suicide, miss.
Oh, say that I'm in luck!'
Then drooping dropped her eyelids,
Those soft yet dark-fringed shy lids:
'I think I'll ask mamma.
But you'll promise not to beat me,
And never never eat me,
If I persuade papa?'
'No, dear, I'll never tease thee,
If you will strive to please me,
And won't say "Nasty beast!"'
'Then I your lot will share, dear;
Will bear, yes and forbear, dear;
Nor doubt you in the least.'
'Now, darling, I am happy!'
Cried Bruin, and a tap he
Made on his bounding heart.
'One hug in my embrace, love,
A warm and snuggish place, love,
From which you ne'er shall part.'
A grand salute he gave her;
She wished he'd been a shaver,
His bristles tickled so.
But the Fates are not propitious,
And Dame Fortune seems grown vicious—
Her parents bid them part.
But how can she endure it?
Her anguish, what can cure it?
The bear will keep her heart.
Then expired her last fond hope,
When she's tempted to elope
In most unpropitious weather.

For they scarcely left the door
Ere the clouds a deluge pour,
And they are drenched together.
Special license soon for life
Has declared them bear and wife,
But where can be his house?
Now through the backwoods dreary
He drags his dripping deary,
His poor diluted spouse.
Her ardour now has cooled,
She feels like one befooled,
As they traverse through the mire,
Till they reached a lowly shed.
'Here, love, is our home,' he said.
Then her cheeks turned red as fire.
The walls are dark and bare,
No furniture is there—
It looks a beastly place.
There's but straw for a seat,
The coarsest food to eat—
No comforts can she trace.
I here would make a pause;
I'll tell you why—because
I fain would point a moral.
A disappointed bride
In this place might have cried,
And p'raps have picked a quarrel,
Though all the fault's her own,
Herself to blame alone,
For having made the stroke;
For if you close your eye
When you your cattle buy,
You'll buy pigs in a poke.

The bridegroom tries to cheer:
'You're welcome, darling, here,
And all you see is mine.
I'll make you happy yet;
I'm sorry you got wet,
But soon the sun will shine.
I know you comforts leave,
Yet feel you will not grieve,
As they are trifles merely.'
Then anger rose, and pride,
But Love bade all subside,
For she had loved him dearly.
'Oh, Bruin! for your sake
A sacrifice I'd make
Of all earth's fleeting treasure;
Now you are really mine,
Don't think I shall repine,
Your smile's my choicest pleasure.'
And wasn't she bewitching,
As she said, 'Love, where's the kitchen?
Come, show me o'er our dwelling.
I've learnt a little cooking
Since we took Beeton's book in,
And pastry I'm up well in.'
'I will,' the bear said, rising;
And now a sight surprising—
He stripped him of his bear-skin
(That overcoat so shaggy),
And cried, 'My dearest Maggy!
Like you I have a fair skin.
One kiss, my little ducky!
Now I'm supremely lucky
(My beard no more will tickle).

Oh, joyful, happy day!
Now I will show the way
  How I got in this pickle.
I was not born dark and hairy,
But got done brown by a fairy—
  A little jealous creature,
Who wanted me to marry,
But I her charms did parry;
  Revenge was her strong feature.
I'd seen you, Maggy darling,
And, spite of all her snarling,
  I felt resolved to win you.
She turned me to a bear, dear;
I sought you everywhere, dear,
  And strained each nerve and sinew,
For tauntingly she said,
"When you that maiden wed,
  Then you may drop your bear-skin.
But you must win her truly,
And use no force unduly,
  Or for life you'll don that rare skin."'
His words were sweet as honey;
His form was young and bonny;
  The young wife smiled and wept.
'Now I will show the kitchen'
(For this he'd long been itching);
  'I've had it nicely swept.'
He pushed a rugged door,
And what a sight she saw!
  A long and lofty greenhouse,
With bright flowers overhead,
Which round sweet fragrance shed.
  No more is she a mean spouse.
A genial warmth arose,
Which soon dried all her clothes;
  He culled a tempting posy.
'My kitchen, love, is near,
But first I dropped in here
  To make your cheeks more rosy.'
They gently strayed along,
And music soft and song
  Salute her raptured ear.
Now falls like rain sweet flowers,
As from enchanted bowers:
  They're watered with a tear.
Now golden fountains play,
Diffusing perfumed spray;
  And birds of plumage rare
Descend on flower and tree,
And, with soft notes of glee,
  Their music fills the air.
'And are these all our own?
These flowers, so richly grown?
  This sweet, enchanting place?'
Her eye with rapture glows,
Her cheek outvies the rose;
  She clings to his embrace.
'Ah! 'tis your love alone
Restores me all my own:
  The fairy so decreed.
Had you but cherished ire,
I still in brute attire
  That shed for home would need.
Two years I've been all shaggy;
But you, my dearest Maggy,
  Have broken down the spell.

My foe can no more tease us—
Has promised e'en to please us ;
  So now all will be well.'
A spring, touched on the floor,
Opens a hidden door.
  They enter now the dwelling—
A small, yet gorgeous room,
Illumined from the dome
  By light subdued, yet telling.
All round are deep recesses,
Filled with the richest dresses
  Her fancy could conceive.
'Go, love, behind a curtain :
They're yours, I feel quite certain,
  And fit well, I believe.'
In all, a dozen niches,
Containing wondrous riches,
  Attract her dazzled gaze.
Here silk and golden tissue
From a recess out issue,
  A princess might amaze.
Here silvered velvet dresses,
Which called forth many guesses
  When such things could be worn.
Here lace-embroidered satin,
Edged with a wondrous tatting
  A zephyr might adorn.
'Look ! here are furs, I do declare,
Would make me like a lovely bear ! '
  Her hands clapped like a child.
'Oh, they will be my favoured dress!
Though now, alas ! I must confess,
  The weather is too mild.'

''Tis hard, 'tis hard to choose, dear,—
All seem too grand to use, dear.
  Which one do you prefer ?'
'What think you of this shot-silk, love,
Like feathers of a cooing dove ?'
  'With that I should not err.'
Behind the curtain in a trice
She glides, and soon returns so nice,
  And not at all too smart.
Her bosom heaves; too full for words,
She flutters like descending birds,
  And flies into his heart.
'It fits me to a T,' she saith,
As soon as she recovered breath.
  'How did you get the measure ?'
'By twining oft my arm around
Your waist, my love, the size I found
  Of you, my dearest treasure !
But let us onward further go ;
There's much to you I want to show.'
  A hidden door receding,
Reveals a scene of dazzling light :
The sun starts back from lustre bright,
  Of radiance exceeding.
They enter now a jewelled bower :
A precious stone is every flower,
  Set in the purest gold.
Festoons of chains reclining there,
Necklets and gems to grace her hair,
  Her ravished eyes behold.
A chain he clasps around her neck,
Bracelets of pearls her arms bedeck :
  Her eyes like diamonds shine.

A diadem he raises now,
And lowers on her burning brow.
'These stones came from my mine.
Now longer here we must not stay;
We'll wander back some other day,
And linger then an hour or two.
I then will show you gems as rare
As queens or princes ever wear.
I've sought them as a dower for you.
I thought their varied hues might please,
And gathered them, by slow degrees,
In many a foreign city.
But you, my love, must fainting be:
The time flies fast when near to thee.
To starve you were a pity.'
They enter now a niche in,
Which leads unto the kitchen,
Through buttery and dairy.
'What splendid cream and cheese!
What wondrous stores are these?
Your treasures, how they vary!'
The larder next appears;
And, hanging tier on tiers,
Are mutton, beef, and ven'son;
Turkeys and geese by scores,
Of game and poultry stores—
Too numerous to mention.
Some stairs, glanced down by stealth,
Reveal a mine of wealth
In a capacious cellar.
Hogsheads of choicest wine
At intervals recline:
Their age he cannot tell her.

The kitchen now they enter;
She hesitates to venture,
For steam the vast spit rolls;
Whilst mountain-heaps of fire
The grates may well require
To roast six oxen whole.
Deep ovens at each side,
With pastry well supplied,
Enough to feed an army;
And steaming copper wells,
Emitting savory smells,
Have made the air quite balmy.
'But where are all the men, dear?
It must take many cooks here,
So much meat to be dressed!'
'To dress themselves they've gone, dear,
Worthy of this bless'd morn, dear.
If truth must be confessed,
Machines prevent all toiling;
They just see nothing's spoiling—
That's all they have to do.
Their billiard-room is near,
With books, and pipes, and beer;
Their number is but few.
But come, our friends, awaiting,
May think we're rather late in
This our first morning call.'
They cross the oaken floor,
Pass through a corridor,
And reach a marble hall;
A high dome sheds its light,
All coloured in its flight,
Tinting the sculpture packed round.

Now all is golden hue,
Now all seems rose, then blue,
'Gainst crimson-velvet background.
Now joyful sounds they hear,
Of music, soft and clear,
First low, but soon increasing—
A lively wedding march:
They pause before an arch,
To catch those notes so pleasing.
'Oh! welcome home once more, dear;
Here friends you never saw, dear,
All long to see your face.
I've told them of your beauty;
But all your love and duty
'Twould take a life to trace.'
The arch appears to tremble,
A painting did dissemble;
And now it upward rises,
And to her startled gaze
Magnificence displays,
Which even her surprises.
About a thousand guests,
In richest costume dressed,
Line each side of the great hall.
A loud and hearty cheer,
And cries of 'Welcome here!'
To her repose is fatal.
She clings unto her lord—
Can utter not a word,
Until he said, 'Look here, love!
Here are some friends you know,
With them some moments go;
Your parents both are near, love.'
'And can this be our child?'
The father cried (half wild);
'The Princess of Golconda!'
With arms flung round her neck,
Whilst tears her eyes bedeck,
What mother could be fonder?
The hall which now they chat in
Is draped with azure satin,
And garlanded with flowers.
And, oh! it was a sight,
When 'neath a dazzling light
They danced at later hours.
Once more a jocund strain,
The wedding march again,
The guests are all retreating.
Marshalled by usher's call
Into the banquet-hall,
At tables they are seating.
Bridegroom and Bride at last
The sculptured arch have passed
(With just a chosen few),
And mount a lofty daïs,
The centre of the place,
For thousand guests to view.
The tables groan with massive plate,
Footmen in scarlet liv'ry wait,
And now the feast commences.
I cannot give a bill of fare,
'Twould make a gourmand rend his hair,
Or take away his senses:
The wine in silver fountain plays,
Iced first below; the surplus strays
Through channels to the grounds near,

Where tenants without number dine,
And stow away no end of wine,
For everything abounds here.
Their dinner has been cooked outside,
Attracting all the country wide
To view the monstrous fire.
A flock of sheep, of pigs fourscore,
Of oxen just as many more,
Their appetites require.
The usual toasts proposed and drank,
The Bridegroom rises up to thank
The guests assembled here :
Again the ancient hall resounds—
Pleasure and mirth have burst all bounds—
Another deafening cheer !
The tenants fill their cups without,
And echo back a louder shout,
Which rends the very air !
'Thanks for this rich and sumptuous board !
Health to our good and noble lord,
And to his lady fair !'
The banquet o'er, the ladies stray
Through orange-groves and flow'ry way,
To sail upon the lake ;
The tenants seek their rural games,
Or 'neath the oak-shade with their dames
Rest after toiling take.
At eve's the ball, where all unite ;
Without vast bonfires rouse the night,
And close the happy day ;
Whilst rockets from the castle height,
Like meteors, make the country light,
To guide the homeward way.

MORAL.

Young ladies all, beware !
First, never wed a bear ;
If you do, don't bear malice.
For love can smooth the shaggy hair
Of e'en the biggest, roughest bear,
And make a shed a palace.

Tommy Tittlemouse, Esq.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse
Lives in a little house,
Happy with his little spouse.
He is an angler and catches little fishes,
She is a good cook and makes them savoury dishes:
So little Tommy has granted all his wishes.

Aunt Bantry.

O RUN and come, Aunt Bantry!
The cat's been in the pantry,
And all our dinner's gone!
See how she's clawed it!
How she's gnawed it!
And left us but a bone!

Curly Locks.

CURLY Locks, Curly Locks, will you be mine?
You shall ne'er wash the dishes or ever feed swine;
But shall sit on silk cushions, and sew up a seam,
And shall feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.
Curly Locks, Curly Locks, she will be thine;
For she never washed dishes, and cannot feed swine.
She can work a silk cushion, embroider a seam;
And don't she like strawberries, sugar, and cream!

MORAL.

Beware of frail beauty and fancy-work misses;
From a wife man wants real help as well as sweet kisses.

MUSEUM
BLUE BEARD

Blue Beard.

NOW mind what I have told you, dear, or else you'll have to rue it;
I'm not the man to say a thing, and then to never do it.
The worst of fancies in the world is that of being curious;
I have no patience with such things, the bare thought makes me furious!
Don't wait at dinner or at tea, I shan't be home till supper;
Now go and read some learned book—try Shakespeare's Plays, or Tupper.'
Then mighty Blue Beard mounts his steed, a charger large and handsome,
One he had taken in exchange (I think, for a king's ransom).
Away he rides, his giant size as he departs grows smaller.
'Oh, where can sister Annie be? Here, Laura, go and call her.'
Fair Fatima had been a bride about a week, or thereabouts,
And had not seen the castle through; yea, scarcely knew her whereabouts.
She lowers down a bunch of keys—oh, dear, there are so many!—
Resolving now to see it all to its remotest cranny
(Except, of course, the room forbid, the master's lab'ratory—
His dark room with the chemicals, upon the second story).
So, though reading she delights in, her studies she defers,
Till mid-day's heat a ramble now she very much prefers;
And with her sister Annie starts on her way erratic,
Climbing the weary northern stairs to gain the top back-attic.
This reached, at length they are repaid for panting and much puffing,
By sight of dirty dismal rooms containing next to nothing.
But vast the prospect from that height, and truly worth the viewing,
Of hill and dale o'er many a mile—a country they're both new in.
They visit then the lower rooms, and these are filled with lumber,
Furniture rare but out of date, and pictures without number.
Descending then to early dine, they pass the lab'ratory,
A green-baize door with studded nails upon the second story.
'I wonder what can be in here?' and Annie paused to enter,
But Fatima rushed in between with some force to prevent her.
'That room is private—Blue Beard's, dear—to go there I'm forbidden;
So early in my married life I don't mean to be chidden.'

Descending then they take their meal, these loving ones, together,
And chat about all kinds of things—of politics, of weather.
And now again their thoughts revert unto the room forbidden :
'I'm sure,' said Annie, 'all ain't right ; there's something wrong there hidden.
If I was you I'd let him know I was not wanting spirit ;
He confidence should give to gain, if he my love would merit.
A husband's duty to a wife is ever to be trusting.
No doubt the rooms are in a mess, and only want a dusting ;
He means to have them set to rights before he takes you in, dear.
Suppose we tidy them ourselves, and thus his thanks may win, dear !
And should you chance to vex him thus—you, darling, with a smile
Shall pop your arm around his neck, and anger thus beguile.'
But Fatima she shook her head, his accents stern she's minding ;
'Gainst his dark looks and threat'ning words there really is no blinding.
But soon her scruples are o'ercome ; they seek the second story,
And pause before the green-baize door whose nails spell 'Lab'ratory.'
A gentle touch—it open glides—and just as softly closes.
There's nothing to remark inside except a smell of roses.
His arms and coats of mail are there, all ready bright for wearing ;
The ladies find no buttons loose, but think they may want airing.
But Annie lifts a curtain now, and reckless she proceeds,
Though on the door in Bluebeard's hand she 'Strictly Private' reads.
'And now we've found the fellow out—his chemicals forsooth !—
This is his renovating room, if I must speak the truth :
Here is a wig of just the style in which he has appeared,
And, I declare, here is the dye with which he stains his beard !
And look here, Fatima, my love, I never did suppose—
Have you had reason, dear, to think he wore a made-up nose ?'
Poor Fatima nigh fainted here, but she deserved her fate :
'Oh, sister Ann, I must confess he waxy looked of late.'
'And here's a bottle full of eyes ! I'm sure he's lost a left one.
And here's his other set of teeth ! —now isn't he a deft one ?'
'Oh, Annie dear, I've marked his eye fix'd with a kind of stare,
But, really me, I only read his admiration there.'

'Oh, dreadful! dreadful! oh, dear me! what can my grief assuage?
Look! there's his birth's certificate, and we shall learn his age!'
The bride was frightened, and would fly, but Annie she enjoyed it;
Had he but been her husband, too, perchance she'd been annoyed at it.
She rummaged all the chamber through—'These things, love, I'll bet few see 'em.'
And now she's found another door, 'tis lettered 'Bluebeard's Museum.'
In for a penny, in for a pound! you won't find her back creep;
When she is hung, 'twon't be for lamb, but for a full-grown sheep.
The door is heavy, and but moves by their united strength,
Till open half, then yields at once, and they fall down full length.
The door then closes with a bang, and leaves them in the dark.
They grope about—a shutter lift, and hear the watchdog bark.
Bluebeard is back! what shall they do? In vain the door is tried;
It seems a mass of iron plate, no handle placed inside!
They both are caught as in a trap, and no escape seems certain.
Annie but little seems to care, and raises up a curtain,
When she is staggered by the sight in half-a-dozen bottles—
Six females have been pickled there, suspended by their throttles!
On each a label marks the day in which she took to spirits,
With just a word placed underneath which stated her demerits.
Above was written, 'These are wives of Old Blue Beard the Furious,
Who had the varments bottled off as soon as they grew curious.'
An empty bottle in the row poor Fatima perceived now,
And truly for her naughtiness the poor young creature grieved now.
But Annie soon recovered breath, and stooping gently kissed her;
'How glad I am the Act ain't passed about deceased wife's sister!
Let's barricade the room, my dear; come, help me shove these mummies,
They are the only guards we've left, but they shall act as dummies.'
They placed a wedge beneath the door, then moved the six young women:
'Twas hard work to secure their help, though they're with spirits brimming,
They scarcely had fulfilled their task, sustained by desperation,
When, lo! they hear to raise the siege there's signs of preparation.
Blue Beard is in the outer room, and some ill must intend her,
For in the loudest angry tones he calls them to surrender.

But no, they never mean to yield, and Annie seeks the casement.
The castle there o'erhangs the lake, she finds to her amazement!
'Oh, look! oh, look! dear sister Ann! is any one a-coming?
'I can but see the shepherd lad, and hear his distant humming.'
Then Blue Beard calls, 'Come, open, dear! I've something here to show you!'
But Annie speaks for Fatima, 'You vile old wretch, we know you!
Go, change your wig and dye your beard, disgust we cannot smother.
You've bottled off no end of wives, and now would cook another.'
Then Blue Beard's rage grew hot and fierce—yea, it indeed was furious;
His tender tones were all a sham, his anger is not spurious,
When Fatima in tears exclaimed—'Is any one a-coming?'
'I can but see an organ-man, and hear his distant strumming.'
Then Blue Beard cried, 'I've formed my plans—they'll answer, I've no doubt,
Long as you like pray stay in here, and then I'll starve you out;
I now shall go to dinner, and wish you both good night.
Is there anything that I can bring?—perhaps you'll want a light.'
'Oh, look once more, dear sister Ann! is any one a-coming?
The sickness which I feel at heart is all my frame benumbing!'
'I see, I see a distant speck upon the far horizon.
I wonder how he killed his wives, by strangling or by poison?'
'Oh, don't!' cried Fatima; 'oh, don't! I feel all in a tremble!
I never dreamt to meet me here such guests he would assemble.
They all are in a bridal dress, and all seem young and pretty!
And must my charms be stoppered, too? oh, dreadful, dreadful pity!'
'The speck increases, Fatima; it is a man well mounted;
He seems to ride at such a pace, and guessed our hours were counted.
But pray don't count on him yourself, for I'm of this opinion,
He only comes to bring the post,—or is this Bluebeard's minion?'
They watch, they watch, some moments more, then both kissed one another.
The rider is young Abousqueers, their own now darling brother!
They wait, they wait,—how long they wait, till he the castle reaches!
Then they across the narrow lake send forth their anguished speeches.
Of course they now speak both at once, and he is sorely puzzled
To think what they on earth can mean, that 'Bluebeard must be muzzled.'

At length the truth he fathoms out and feels his courage rise.
'To save you from this wretch's power, I'll take him by surprise.
Now try if it be possible for each to hold her tongue,
For should he hear, there is a fear that I should be bow-strung.'
He's scarcely gone when lo, a noise they can't at first define,
'Tis Bluebeard butting 'gainst the door the worse from too much wine.
The door it yields—the females scream, and there are many crashes:
The wretch is so impetuous that half his wives he smashes.
Of course I mean each glassy case—there's scarcely one now left intact;
The greater part are smithereens, the rest severely cracked.
A stream of extract floods the floor (the essences of beauty).
His loss enrages Bluebeard more, he now will do his duty.
His wife he seizes by the hair; with fear she nearly died;
Her chignon left within his grasp, he feels like one defied,
And raises up his sword to slay, but one is on his track.
Young Abousqueers, the dauntless, has pierced him through the back!
He turns in bitter anguish, but 'tis too late to fly;
So, finding all is over, he lays him down to die.

* * * * *

His widow soon got married unto a nice young man;
But still in single-blessedness resides her sister Ann.

Hicksy, Dicksy, Daisy!

HICKSY, Dicksy, Daisy!
Surely the girl's gone crazy,
Her best togs to be sporting,
As if she were a-courting!

Ah! there's that soldier feller,
A waiting for our Bella;
One who, like very many,
Is scarcely worth a penny.

Cock-a-doodle-do!

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!
My dame has lost her shoe:
I do not care a fiddlestick—
She don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-do!
Who can have stole her shoe?
She worries me to fiddlestrings—
I don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-do!
My dame has found her shoe:
Her head ain't worth a fiddlestick,
On one foot she put two.

A Bird in Hand.

A BIRD in hand is better far
Than two which in the bushes are.
A glass of ale to drink's as nice
As any champagne kept in ice.
So men, content with what they hold,
Are rich as misers with their gold.
Would you be happy, this I'd teach :—
Don't aim at things beyond your reach.

The Dog Ticket.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover ;
When he came to a stile,
He vaulted over.
When he came to a stream,
Through in a minute.
When he came to a ditc
There he stuck ir
Grown rich, he rides by
Blithe as a cricke
Cabs it to station,
And takes a dog'

Peter Prickett.

LITTLE Peter Prickett, didn't he love cricket!
Wasn't he a bowler! wasn't he a batter!
He could hold a wicket,—he could stop a ball;
Wasn't he a famous chap, the champion of us all!

Simple Simon.

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair.
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Let me taste your ware.'

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
'Show me first your penny.'
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Indeed I've not got any.'

Simple Simon caught the pieman
Coming from the fair.
Simple Simon hails the pieman,—
'I would taste your ware.'

'But,' says the pieman to Simple Simon,
'Pies I've not got any.
'Oh, bad luck!' says Simple Simon,
''Cause I've found a penny.'

My Mother and your Mother.

MY mother and your mother went over the way;
Says my mother to your mother, 'It's chop-o'-nose day!'
I since have discovered the cause of the fray,—
They both went to 'the public' with nothing to pay.

I would tell you a Story.

I WOULD tell you a story
Of old Nelson's glory,
Of the many sea-battles he won ;
But his glory is past,
For a bullet at last
Laid him low from an enemy's gun.

Dolly taken ill.

HUSH ! and don't make a noise, poor Dolly's ill ;
Send for a lawyer, for she would make her will.
Hush ! and don't make a noise, poor Dolly's ill ;
Send for a doctor, and let him make a pill.
Hush ! and don't make a noise, dear Dolly's better ;
Send for the cook now to make an apple fritter.

Michaelmas.

MIND you remember,
Tow'rds the end of September,
To buy some fat geese, and to stuff 'em;
For when they're in season
'Tis almost high treason
To shun goose—if 'tisn't a tough 'un.

The Old Soldier.

I'M an old soldier, miss, yet forced to beg;
I've but one arm, miss, I've but one leg;
I've very few teeth, miss, and feel their loss at dinner.
I was stout and hearty once, now I can't be thinner,
Pray bestow your alms, miss, on a poor old soldier man:
We fight for home and beauty, miss, as long as e'er we can.

Jack Sprat.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean;
But, somehow or other, betwixt the two the platter's polished clean.
Jack Sprat was tall and fat, his wife was small and mean:
'Twas laughing that had made him fat; 'twas scolding kept her lean!

Billy Taylor.

LITTLE Billy Taylor 's
Gone to be a sailor—
His ship 's for China bound,
Won't the sea perplex him!
Won't its rolling vex him!
I hope he won't get drowned.

The Hedgehog.

LITTLE Neddy Nichols caught a hedgehog full of prickles,
That curled itself into a funny ball ;
But he dropped it in a pail, when out came its head and tail,
And it swam around, and tried thereout to crawl.

Spot and Topsy.

PUSSY sits before the fire
(She's a ratter rare) ;
Doggy Spot calls to inquire,
'Topsy, are you there ?
List to me, now pussy dear,
I have found some meat ;
Come into the pantry, near,
And you shall have a treat.'
But Topsy said, 'But where's the cook ?
For I some scruples feel.'
'She's for the p'liceman gone to look,
And won't disturb our meal.'

Naughty Puss.

GO, naughty puss! go far from me,
Or I shall catch another flea:
For nurse declares, and 'tis no jest,
That vermin often cats infest.

When I was a Bachelor.

WHEN I was a bachelor—a poor, unlucky elf—
All my strings and buttons I just stitched on for myself,
Till my landlady and her small fry they led me such a life,
I was forced to go to London to bring me back a wife.
When the roads were all so slippery from frost and trodden snow,
My wife her head discovered where she just had placed her toe;
And was so shook her very look did all my feelings harrow:
'Twas vain to talk, she could not walk, so was wheeled home in a barrow.

Tom the Tinker's Son.

TOM, Tom, the tinker's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
The pig they did eat and Tom they did beat,
Till he went roaring down the street.

Tom, Tom, the tinker's son,
Stole a pie and away he run;
The pie he ate and his mother did fret,
For Tom in the lock-house a month did get.

MORAL.

For a boy who can purloin what isn't his own,
Should first be well whipped and then sent to prison.

The Queen of Hearts.

THE Queen of Hearts oft made jam tarts
Upon a washing-day;
The Page of Hearts (a knave at heart)
Purloined them—so they say.

The King of Hearts enraged, up starts,
Such baseness to repay;
At tail of cart he makes him smart,
A knave dubbed from that day.

Tippling John.

TIPPLING, ever tippling, bad man John!
You I found in bed with your coat and breeches on;
One boot off, and the other boot half on.
This comes of tippling, bad man John!

The Little Sour Old Maid.

THERE was a little man, and he loved a little maid,
But she had a little temper, of which he was afraid ;
For she hurried him, and scurried him, whenever they went out,
And flurried him, and worried him, and kept him still in doubt,
That he almost lost his senses through this wicked little maid :
For she never pleased him, but ever teased him,
Though she loved him as her life ;
Till, lo ! he departed, and left her broken-hearted.
She ne'er became his wife ;
But single lived, and single died, a little sour old maid.

MORAL.

Now had she but had wisdom, her little tongue had tarried,
And cherished up its sweetness until she had got married.

Freddy Rickets.

LITTLE Freddy Rickets
Caught blackbeetles and crickets
In a yellow pie-dish.
Close to the grate he'd stick it,
With beer to t'entice the cricket,
Up steps of wood cut widish.

The Little Man and Gun.

THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun,
A comical old fellow and very full of fun ;
He composed his own gunpowder, cast his bullets out of lead,
Aimed at the wig of Johnny Sprig, and knocked it off his head,
And declares 'twas for a wager when he boasts of what befel,
Saying, 'Am I not as good a shot as famous William Tell ?'

Taffy the Welshman.

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a joint of beef.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was from home,
I searched but found nought of the beef except the marrow-bone.

Taffy came to my house, and asked for beer and bread;
I raised a stick—'twas rather thick—and broke the Welshman's head.
Taffy at my house has lain two fortnights and a day;
And though dead beat, how he does eat!—his doctor I must pay.

MORAL.

Revenge is sweet—yea, quite a treat—when we're by passion tost;
But rage, I've found, will oft rebound; as I found to my cost.

A Bed.

MADE long ago, yet made to-day;
There now I lie, though, truth to say,
To part with you, old friend, I'd weep,
Though you I do not care to keep.
Like doctors' stuff, you're best when taken
After that you have been well shaken.

Sing, Sing!

SING, sing! what shall I sing?
Our cat has got hung in the pudding-bag string.
Her teeth and her claws had abstracted some meat,
And now for the theft her life pays the forfeit.

Dance a Baby, diddy.

DANCE a baby, diddy.
What shall its daddy do wid he?
For you wake ev'ry night
To be jumped up, in spite
Of his head getting desperate giddy.

Pussy-Cat Mew.

PUSSY-CAT Mew has just sat on a coal,
And in her black petticoat burnt a great hole;
Pussy-cat Mew shall have no more milk
Till her best petticoat's mended with silk.
Pussy-cat Mew, she has tried and has tried,
But the only result is a stitch in her side.

Pease Pudding.

PEASE-PUDDING hot, pease-pudding cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot nine days old,
Pease-pudding in the pot, and a piece of pickled pork,
Makes a jolly round game—'tis played with knife and fork.

The Little Husband.

I HAD a little husband, no bigger than my thumb ;
I sat him on a saucepan, and there I bid him drum.
But the trouble is out walking,
When he my arm will take ;
For then we get a-talking—
Oh, how my back does ache !

The Babes in the Wood.

TWO poor little children are rambling alone
Through the depths of the forest, and sadly they moan;
Their dresses are torn by the bramble and brier,
Their feet bruised by stones and bespattered with mire:
The sun fast is setting, and dark clouds arise,
And the low distant thunder disturbs the dull skies.
They have wandered since morn and now scarcely can stand,
Yet cling to each other with hand clasped in hand.
Oh! who are these infants, and how came they here,
Away from all dwellings, no guardian form near?
Oh! where are their parents? alas! they have died,
And an uncle who promised for them to provide
Has seized on their property, and still would crave,
As a miser, th' expense of their living to save.
He has hired two ruffians the babes to destroy
(Those innocent twins, a fair girl and brave boy).
The morn had been fine, and how pleasant their ride!
For the bandits well mounted had rode side by side,
Till Rosa's sweet prattle touched Wilfrid's hard heart,
And he cried unto Roland, 'I can't play my part.'
Then Roland grew fierce and said, 'Child, hold your clatter!
Ha! you've turned chicken-hearted! I see what's the matter.'
They quarrelled, and words of deep anger arose,
Till at length they dismounted and dealt deadly blows,
And fought, till the one who would take the babes' part,
With a plunge drove his blade through the tall ruffian's heart.
Then he bade the poor children 'Go, gather some flowers,
For my comrade's asleep and must rest for some hours.'
It was thus through the depths of the wood they had sped,
And the man in his terror had far away fled.
With pleasure at first through the forest they strayed,
Darting in here and there and at hiding-seek played.

Whilst with rapture exploring each moss-covered dell,
They had plucked the bright cowslips and pretty blue-bel
Had watched the shy rabbit run springing along,
And the birds of gay plumage break forth into song.
Yea, the scene had been one of the purest delight,
But now all has changed into sorrow and fright.
For the darkness descends, and a torrent of rain,
And the children are drenched seeking shelter in vain.
They have tasted no food since the first break of day,
Save a few nuts and blackberries plucked by the way;
And have walked many miles, on by agony forced,
Since they found to their terror their way had been lost.
They have oft called for him they considered their friend,
But the echoes alone to their summons attend.
Now exhausted, they sink to the ground side by side,
And the poor little Rosy most piteously cried.
'Oh, weep not, dear sister! let's have a good rest;
Let us think of the bird we disturbed from her nest,
Of the three little linnets all gaping for food,
Who we thought were so greedy, so ugly, and rude.'
But poor Hubert in vain would her sorrows beguile,
And receives but a sob in the place of a smile.
Hark! what is that cry breaks the silence of night?
'Tis the screech of the owl as she starts in her flight.
The terrified children now quiver with dread,
And tears of the bitterest agony shed.
'Oh, Hubert! I'm starving—I know I shall die!
And I shiver with cold, and my tongue feels so dry;
I seem numbed all over, and all my bones ache,
Yet my eyes are so heavy I can't keep awake.'
Then they crouched 'neath the shade of a wide-spreaking
And so fast fell asleep that they never awoke;
Whilst the robin alone for the sad event grieves,
And strewed o'er their bodies a cov'ring of leaves.

They were found in a week by some men from the farms,
Closely nestled together in each other's arms.

* * * *

The wicked old uncle, I since have heard said,
Lived a terrible life of remorse, grief, and dread,
For he ever was hearing their innocent cries,
And beheld their dead forms when he dared close his eyes.
All his ill-gotten gold was bequeathed when he died
To a home for poor destitute babes to provide.

Jacky Tweazles.

LITTLE Jacky Tweazles' been and caught the measles,
Playing with the Brownses—mother told him not.
Nasty draughts and powder (though he cry still louder),
Instead of Christmas pudding, he must take a lot.

Polly Hopkins.

PRETTY little Polly Hopkins, how d'ye do? how d'ye do?'
'None the better, Mr. Tomkins, for seeing of you, for seeing of you!'
'Oh, don't I love you, Polly Hopkins! I'm fond and true, I'm fond and true!'
'What's that to me now, Mr. Tomkins, if you do, if you do?'
'But I would wed you, Polly Hopkins—none but you, none but you!'
'Then I must take you, Mr. Tomkins—'tis your due, 'tis your due!'

Ba-a, ba-a, Black Sheep.

BA-A, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?'
'Yes, pretty maiden, three bags full:
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.'
'I love you, little ba-a lamb, but you must know, of course,
I like you best when nicely dressed and served up with mint sauce.'

Needles and Pins.

NEEDLES and pins! needles and pins!
When a man's married his trouble begins.
Bobbins and tapes! bobbins and tapes!
Whilst he keeps single he trouble escapes.
(But how about the cold winter nights, and how about his buttons?)

Who comes here?

WHO comes here?
Your granny, dear,
With apples, pears, and a cake.
She is welcome to-day
As the flowers in May,
For her gifts and her own dear sake.

Nan Etticot.

LITTLE Nan Etticot wears a white petticoat,
A small wicked head and red nose ;
Yet she in spite of it ever makes light of it,
Smiling brighter as shorter she grows.

Hide and Seek.

WHAT can you have lost here ?—speak, boys, speak !
For you've haunted my cottage now more than a week.
There's nothing of yours here I very well know,
And I wish you would make up your minds to go.
But, what can you have lost here ?—speak, boys, speak !'
'Oh, we're playing a game called Hide and Seek.'

Little Bo-Beep.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them :
Leave them alone and they will come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

But what shall she do ? the lambs are gone too,
And, oh dear me ! she nowheres can spy them.
So she left them alone and the lambs all came home ;
But their tails, alas ! some one did fry them.

A Man of Words.

A MAN of words, but not of deeds,
Once had a garden full of weeds ;
And when the weeds began to grow
He grumbled, but forgot to hoe.
So soon they spread o'er bed and walk,
Yet he did nothing else but talk.
The tender trees he meant to stake,
But left them for the winds to break.
A broken gap the pigs strayed through,
And did the havoc pigs can do.
One year this man of words, not deeds,
Forgot till June to sow his seeds ;
Yet did he talk enough, I trow,
If words were deeds, to make them grow.
One day he felt extremely ill,
Yet took not either draught or pill.
A sudden pain had made him start,
A kind of spasm in the heart ;
But as to this he took no heed,
He soon was dead—was dead indeed !

Puss in Boots.

AS a youth once was stroking a cat
She suddenly fell into chat,
To his wonder intense, and surprise,
For she never had spoken before,
Though they're friends of a twelvemonth and more—
Yea, since ever she opened her eyes.
'You are mourning!' Miss Pussy exclaimed;
'Let the cause of your sorrow be named:
In my great skill and prudence confide;
For of wisdom and cunning, folks say,
They are better than wealth any day.
So now let my gumption be tried.'
'My father to Tom gives the mill,
And the farm leaves to Henry by will;
Whilst to me he has only left you.
I have but a few pounds of my own,
And am puzzled, I really must own;
For I scarcely can think what to do.'

Then Puss exclaimed, 'Boots you must buy,
And a hat with a feather supply,
And a modern, yet smart, crinoline;
For a lady who goes up to Court
Must be dressed as a fine lady ought,
For in tip-topmost circles she's seen.'
Then such feminine wiles she did use,
Which male mortals can never refuse
When with them they go out a-shopping.
Though the penalty's well known before,
They pass through the bonnet-shop door;
And they're lost if persuaded to pop in.
Next morning at dawn Pussy rose,
Decked herself in her holiday clothes,
And went off to the forest a-sporting;
Where a large bag she half filled with clover,
And a rabbit's-hole covered right over,
Till a pair of fine bucks there were caught i
Now the Monarch he loved a wild rabbit,
And our Puss she well knew 'twas his habit
To have some cooked each day for dinner.
As a courtier she learnt his weak point,
That he cared not to dine from the joint;
Of his favour she'll thus be the winner.
She had found out his stores were all cleared,
Not a rabbit for days had appeared,
And the King had grown sulky and surly.
Now his favourite fancy was tickled,
'Boil them well, cook, with pork freshly pickled,
And let us all dine very early.'
Then a pheasant, a partridge, or hare,
Caught at midnight by means of a snare,
Were also presented at Court.

And Puss always delivered a card,
'With the Marquis of Carrebas's regard,'
'Till the King for his company sought.
Now there lived in the forest-lands near
An old Ogre, whom all dread and fear,
Who for dinner consumed half a sheep.
Many men he had ate in his time;
Plump young children he thought really prime;
He delighted to make mothers weep.
Many tales of this wretch Puss had heard,
And one day she declared, 'On my word,
I this monster to see should be pleased,
But I'll not go till dinner's quite done;
As an *entrée* to serve were poor fun.
So I'll wait 'till his hunger's appeased.'
Now the Ogre owned lands all around,
Yet the King ventured not on his ground,
For intruders were had into meals.
He just ate up all those who might stray,
So but few cared to pass by that way;
Folks disliked hanging up by their heels.
But our Pussy-cat being courageous,
Has resolved that such doing outrageous
Shall be stopped at the risk of her life.
But Eat-a-cat ever regarding,
She politely first tenders her card in—
She would conquer by peace before strife.
The Ogre o'er his wine was dozing,
But his eyes, which were rapidly closing,
Opened wide when his strange guest appeared.
For the sight of a cat that could talk,
And in top-boots and crinoline walk,
Made him laugh till he actually cheered;

For she waltzed and she danced to amuse,
Till he felt he could never refuse
Anything she might chance to require.
'I have heard,' she remarked, 'noble giant!
That your body has grown so compliant,
It will change to what form you require.
I am governess down at the farm,
Where they nurse and keep children from harm
For the parish (those nobody own).
I attend them out walking of late,
And would show them your pleasant estate,
Where such beautiful flowers are grown.'
Then the Ogre's eyes sparkled with bliss,
Such a chance, oh! he never must miss,
Of so many rich delicate meals.
And he thinks how he best can requite
His new friend for this source of delight,
For he truly some gratitude feels.
Then Pussy exclaims, 'I have heard
You can change to a beast or a bird
In a moment, whenever you please.
That you name but the thing, take a sup
Or a draught from some savoury cup,
And quick! presto! there you are with ease.'
'With the greatest of pleasure I'll show you,
For politeness a small debt I owe you,'
(And with this he cleared part of floor.)
'A great beast you shall now set your eye on.'
He drank deep and was changed to a lion,
With a loud and a terrible roar.
Poor Pussy at first was much frightened,
But soon her sweet countenance brightened,
When a draught brought him round once again.

'There is wonderful magic, sir, in it,
For you're here and are there in aminute—
Admiration such actions must gain.'
'Now own that I just made you start, miss.
Ah! necromancy's a fine art, miss,
And is strange, too, to say but the least.'
'Yet there's many a man I have known, sir,
Who by drink has been oft overthrown, sir,
And turned into a regular beast;
But I've thought how you ever would act
If your size you should wish to contract,
And the dress of some small creature try on;
And I own I should feel more surprise
Than in seeing you retain your size,
Although changed to a wonderful lion.'
He replied, 'I have only to drink,
And I can just as readily shrink
As to some extent now I've been swelling,
Though a deeper draught I must attain
When an increase of bulk I would gain;
But these details are scarcely worth telling.
'Tis no matter however so small,
As an insect I oftentimes crawl,
When on small grubs I fancy to feed;
I thus oft gain a fresh appetite,
And in all kinds of food can delight,
So you see I am never in need.
As a lion, I have but to roar
When intruders approach near the door,
And they never come into the house.
But you see I can smile well as frown;
Now watch me whilst I dwindle down
To a wretched and timorous mouse.'

'Ah!' thinks Pussy-cat, 'now is my chance;
Won't I lead him a terrible dance!
Oh, oh! how can he be such a flat,
Of all things to change into a mouse?
He forgets who is guest at his house.
I will turn him right soon into cat.'
Then he drinks and he shrinks fore and aft,
Having placed on the floor a good draught,
To restore his great bulk in a minute.
But he suddenly feels in a quake,
And discovers he's made a mistake,
And fears there may be mischief in it;
For Miss Puss without boots now was seen
With a spring place herself just between
The Ogre and his wondrous cup;
Her green eyes, to his terror, dart fire,
And he feels ev'ry bristle perspire.
Is her wish now to gobble him up?
'And pray, miss, what shall be our next change?
Only nature can limit my range.
Shall I turn to a fish or a bird?'
Pussy made a fresh spring, and he thought,
'Ah, that time I was very nigh caught!
Her behaviour is really absurd.
I must beg of you, miss, to be calm,
Or you'll do me some bodily harm.
My revenge you will have to regret,
For I never an insult forgive:
And you'll find that as long as I live
That I never forgive or forget.'
But all hope soon is turned into doubt,
As his guest hunts him all round about.
He is thirsty, and can't get a drink.

At one time he approached near the cup,
When our Pussy tripped him and it up
Ere his nose could creep o'er the brink.
Then she cried, 'I've been playing the fool;
For 'tis easy to drink from a pool.
I must look precious sharp to prevent him.
With my claws I must keep him at bay,
Whilst my tail sweeps the liquor away,
Or I fear I shall not circumvent him.'
Cried the Mouse, 'Are you fond, miss, of fish?
For I lately have sent down a dish—
A cod's head and prime oyster-sauce.
If you're hungry, I've got a fat hare,
Of pheasants a charming young pair,
And a pigeon-pie for the third course.'
But, lo! Puss, with a terrible laugh,
Cried, 'I'm not to be caught, sir, with chaff.
I shall kill but I don't care to eat you.
I this country would rid of a pest;
And no doubt I shall dine with a zest,
After trouble I've had to defeat you.'
A scuffle, a scrimmage, a valiant attack,
And the mouse (alias Ogre) is turned on his back,
And his head has been scrunched by the cat.
It was rather a tussle, for one or two sips
He had sucked from the floor, which, in passing his lips,
Had made him as big as a rat.
Her position peculiar some care will require,
So she first popped her host at the back of the fire,
Then the cup to the cupboard restored.
'And now all is straight, I to dine must make leisure;
After business is over, they say, should come pleasure.
Let us see what this house can afford.'

Then she rung up the servants and ordered the fish.
'And your master, he begged me to mention his wish,
That you'd bring up the pheasant and hare.
He spake too, I think, of some prime oyster-sauce,
And a pie of wild pigeons to serve as third course.
He resolved I should daintily fare.
And a message he left which concerns one and all,
But I'll wait till I've dined and will then give a call—
'Tis a message of pleasure and joy.'
Then Puss curled herself up in a snug easy-chair,
Feeling more than a monarch of all that was there,
And her happiness had no alloy.
Oh! the fish was delicious, the pheasants well dressed,
The hare was well flavoured, but the pie she confessed
Was the richest she ever had tasted.
But there's much to be done ere the setting of sun,
So she rung up the servants when dinner was done
(O'er the dessert I fear she has hasted).
And she told them the Ogre had changed now at last,
To a handsome young fellow; his rough ways were past,
And now they would find him grown kind.
He regrets all his follies, has made a grand change,
And requests that his matters I now would arrange,
Which I think I can do to his mind.'
Pussy left, and the servants are filled with amazement,
But they tidied the castle from attic to basement,
And all put on their holiday clothes.
Then she ran to the fields and told the same tale.
'Now, mind you, the Marquis of Carrebas hail
(That's the title by which he now goes).'
Then, breathless, at length she arrived at the mill,
Where her master was reading the late Farmer's will,
And lamenting his desolate fate.

Pussy touched him, and bidding him hasten away,
Cried, 'The plans I have formed will allow no delay,
As we travel I them must relate.'
But she scarcely told half ere they came to the water;
He is ordered to swim and he don't like to thwart her,
So he dives, though her scheme little knows,
But satisfied soon he himself would adorn,
When he finds to his horror a fresh cause to mourn,
For there's some one has stolen his clothes.
Puss has left him a carriage to hail on the road,
He is now quite a mile too from any abode,
And he feels at a loss what to do.
But his friend (who has hidden his clothes, by-the-by),
To the King and his daughter has uttered a cry,
'That the Marquis of Carrebas' drowning!
All his clothes have been stolen, I think by some tramp,
And he in the water has now got the cramp.'
Ah! she's set the good monarch a frowning.
'I have got a dress-suit here, go, run to his side,
And beg he will favour us homeward to ride
In our carriage: I see he has landed.'
The Marquis of Carrebas, you may suppose,
Takes a hint from Miss Pussy as well as the clothes,
And the Princess to her seat is handed.
The Marquis looks fine in his gay courtly dress,
And the King and the lady his beauty confess,
As they drive to the late Ogre's hall.
Pussy runs on before and bids every one hail
Their master, the Marquis (all swallow her tale),
So he's welcomed by great and by small.
Arrived at the castle all things are prepared,
And the King and his daughter with much pleasure shared
In the sumptuous repast there provided.

And ere many months, if the truth must be told,
The Marquis, so mighty in riches, made bold,
And his love to the Monarch confided.
Who his daughter bestowed on the youth with much pleasure,
Having heard of the nobleman's vast heaps of treasure,
Of the lands which he claimed as his own.
Then Miss Pussy of course as a bridemaid appears,
And receives at the wedding full share of the cheers,
Though but half of her prowess is known.
But in less than a month she got married herself
To a fine palace cat, they say rolling in wealth,
Who she taught on his hind legs to walk.
It was no fault of hers he was weak at a chat,
'It is you, love,' he said, 'who so well can do that;'
So the lady she does all the talk.

Stokey Jokey.

STOKEY JOKEY, I'm the one
For hot baked taties and lots of fun,
Waxy, mealy, or underdone,
None better than mine in the island.
I feed all the people wherever I halt,
With a dab of good butter, some pepper and salt,
And I ne'er found a man with the heart to find fault
With my taties, the best in the island.

Rain, Rain!

RAIN! cruel rain! to sky fly again,
Your visit to earth brings me sorrow and pain.
For it's ever your way, when I wish to be gay,
To cast a wet blanket on my holiday.

The House that Jack built.

THIS is the farmer sowing his corn,
Who was up with the lark at the first streak of dawn;
Who kept the cock who crowed in the morn—
Who to keep the peace has this day been sworn;
For he waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
Who went on an errand he ne'er should have gone—

To marry a man all tattered and torn,
Who must beg for his bread, and will ev'rything pawn ;
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
Who wished in her heart she had never been born ;
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That has strayed from the meadow to feed on the lawn ;
That tossed the dog right into a bog,
That worried the cat—and got spit at for that—
That killed the rat, who had grown really fat,
That ate the malt, and thought it no fault,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

TWEEDLEDUM and Tweedledee
Had a mighty battle,
And what was it all about, think ye ?
About a penny rattle.

So nations foolishly make wars,
And loud their cannons rattle ;
When oft they have as little cause,
As Tweedledum for battle.

The Little Bird.

I ONCE saw a little bird come hop, hop, hop.
And I cried, 'Little bird, won't you stop, stop, stop ?'
But he bowed his little head as if to bid adieu,
And shook his little tail, and far away he flew.
Oh ! naughty little bird, not to stop, stop, stop,
When I salt upon your tail would pop, pop, pop.

The Donkey Ride.

COME, saddle the donkey for Johnny to ride,
And strap on a pannier on this and that side.
Place the pussy in this and his doggy in t'other,
And Jack he shall ride out to see his grandmother.

Old Chairs to mend.

IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, 'Old chairs to mend!'
But would lie on a sofa, and smoke a short pipe,
And dine, like the queen, upon onions and tripe.

Little Red Ridinghood.

LITTLE Red Ridinghood was a child kind and good,
And she had an old grandmother,
To whom with fruit she sped, 'cause she was ill in bed,
Hoping she soon might recover.
She crept into the house, quiet as any mouse,
For perchance the old dame might be sleeping ;
But when she neared the bed she was o'erpowered with dread,
And her pitiful eyes soon were weeping.
"Oh, grandma, you've changed so that I scarcely you know !
You have suffered, I fear, with much anguish.'
Then a gruff voice replied, 'I have very near died,
And, alas ! on a death-bed still languish.'
'How large your head's got !' 'Fits my cap, does it not ?
Don't I love to see things neat and tidy ?'
'Then your eyes swollen, too !' 'Yet I clearly see you.
Was it that for which you have just cried, eh ?'
'But you've got such a nose !' 'That from bad cold arose ;
Though I've smelt rather more still since Friday.'
'Then your ears are so long !' 'How can they, miss, be wrong,
When I hear well, and listen beside, eh ?'
'But your mouth has stretched, too !' 'Then I now can eat you !
That I'm hungry can't well be denied, eh ?'
Then quickly the Invalid jumped out of bed,
And the poor child discovered a large wolf instead
In her grandmother's night-gown and grandmother's cap.
Oh, she fears the old lady has met some mishap !
'Ah ! I've eaten your grandmother—wasn't she tough !
But you, being young, will prove tender enough.
Though you're not very plump, yet you might have been thinner.
Come and have a short chat, and we'll then prepare dinner.'

* * * * *

The poor child was (un)dressed before the kitchen fire ;
And the wolf had as nice a meal as she could well desire.

MORAL.

Alas ! this old wolf had no morals.

The Milking Maid.

WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?'
'I'm going a-milking, sir,' she said.
'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'
'Yes, if you please, kind sir,' she said.
'Now, what is your fortune, my pretty maid?'
'Oh, my face is my fortune, sir,' she said.
'Then I will not marry you, my pretty maid.'
'Nobody asked you, sir,' she said.

Then he turned on his heel, and he left the maid;
'And thank you for going, sir,' she said.
Then young Roger came by, and he kissed the maid.
'Now, what are you after, sir?' she said.
'I would make you my wife, dear, my own pretty maid;
For your face is your fortune.' 'Oh, sir!' she said.
'Then when will you marry me, my pretty maid?'
'Oh, just name your own time, then, kind sir,' she said.

Three Jolly Sailors.

THREE jolly sailors drinking at the Dragon, O!
And they determined, and they determined,
To finish out the flagon, O!
But ere it was completed, though safe on shore at Dover,
They rolled about as in a storm—in fact, were half-seas over.

Polly, put the Kettle on.

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Make it sing a merry song;
Poke the fire and drive along,
And let us all have tea.

Don't forget to warm the pot,
Mind you make the muffins hot,
Buttered toast prepare a lot,
Then call us in to tea.

The Owl.

AN Owl sat blinking on a tree:
'Whisky, whasky, wheedle!
The night's the time of day for me!
Frisky, flasky, feedle.
My eyes and deeds won't stand much light,
Whisky, whasky, wheedle;
So I'll snooze now and wake at night,
Frisky, flasky, feedle.'

Tell-tale Tit.

TELL-TALE TIT,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the old maids in the town
Shall have a little bit.

Tittle-tattle tit,
You really are not fit,
With your long tongue, so loosely hung,
With honest folks to sit.

Little Miss Muffet.

LITTLE Miss Muffet, she sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a large spider, who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
When little Miss Muffet sprang from her tuffet,
She flung down the curds and whey;
But a little dog spied her and ran on beside her,
And frightened her further away.

The Accident.

ONE morn as I went to sell my eggs,
A wretch of a dog ran betwixt my legs,
Turned me head over heels with a heavy fall,
Smashing basket, and eggs, and myself, and all.

Humpty Dumpty.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
Not all the king's horses and all the king's men
Could set him upright on that wall again.

Humpty Dumpty was an egg-shellent fellow,
And his flesh it was white, and his heart it was yellow;
Who, though very much cracked by his terrible fall,
Has supplied a nice pancake much relished by all.

Multiplication.

MULTIPLICATION
Of wealth charms our nation;
Divisions,
They are sad;
The rule of three—
Queen, Church, and We;
And Practice,
Law (so bad)!

Higgledy-Piggledy.

ALL higgledy-piggledy, my black hen
Will lay her eggs for gentlemen:
Nine for a shilling and sometimes ten.
Bravo! bravo! my black hen.

O horror and sorrow now, poor black hen!
Ah! never an egg will she lay again!
For her neck has been wrung by the gipsy men,
And I mourn and lament for my poor black hen.

Blow, Wind, Blow!

BLOW, wind, blow!
And go, mill, go!
For we're in want of siller.

May you steadily blow,
May the money-tree grow,
For I'm to marry the miller!

Rumty-idy-idity.

RUMTY-IDY-IDITY, won't there be a row!
The boys have blacked the master's face and he is waking now.

Pigs in the Wood.

LET us go to the wood!'
said this pig.
'What to do there?' said that
pig.
'To look for our mother,' said
t'other pig.
'What on earth to do with her?'
said fat pig.
'Just to worry for toffy,' said
biggest pig.

Large A, little a.

LARGE A, little a, bouncing B, the cat's in the cupboard
and she can't see.
But though she can't see, she can taste, smell, and feel,
For I hear at this moment a little mouse squeal.

Handy Spandy.

HANDY SPANDY, Jack-
a-Dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-
candy;
He stole some out of a grocer's
shop,
When lo! a stick came whop,
whop, whop!

A Song of Sixpence.

SING a song of sixpence, a pocketful of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing—
Was not that a dainty dish to set before a king?

The king was in the counting-house, counting out his money;
The queen was in the pantry, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird and snapped off her nose.

The maid who made the pastry should be last to show surprise,
For she had caught the blackbirds and popped them into pies.
'You'll never sneeze again, miss,' the bird above her crows,
'And when you'll make mag-pies again you little knows.'

Hey, diddle diddle.

HEY, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.
Now what means this riddle, a cat with a fiddle,
A cow leaping high as the moon,
A dog's fancy tickled at seeing such pranks,
And a dish making off with a spoon ?
Now, Miss Catherine Sly-puss is the cat in the riddle,
Who oft strikes the guitar, which Young Tom calls her fiddle ;
That young comical dog who will quiz every tune,
And declares, like a dish, she's attached to a spoon.
But the wedding's next week, when the bride and her spouse
Must get over their honeymoon somehow at Cowes.

Charity Jones.

CHARITY JONES, whom nobody owns,
Broke his bones jumping over tombstones :
He knew it was wrong, but, singing a song,
Went bounding along the new graves among ;
When he suddenly trips, falls in one of the pits,
Dashed himself all to bits, yet a thrashing he gets,
And the parish remarks
What discretion omits.

Old Mother Hubbard.

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone ;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
She went to the baker's for muffins and bread,
And lo ! when she returned, found her starved dog was dead.

With eyes blind with weeping she ran for a coffin,
But when she came back how the sly dog was laughing!
She went to the hatter's to buy a cocked hat,
And when she came back he was shaving the cat.
She sometimes would take him for walks in the parks,
But found he for ever was up to some larks.
One day he got fighting, in which dogs delight,
But soon the dame cured him—his tail felt her bite.
One time he was poorly, but gladly I tell
How good he took med'cine, and thus soon got well.
The dame was deceived once—the dog told a lie,
And dined upon nothing instead of lamb's fry.
One day he went skating—oh, isn't it nice!—
The dame, whose taste differs, don't care much for ice.
One day he was naughty, the dame had to flog,
But now he does sums like a good little dog.
She sent him to college to learn the French accent,
But he could not catch it, and so soon was back sent.
He often had games on his half-holiday;
Hare-and-hound, hide-and-seek, and tipcat he would play.
He can read out aloud, which the dame much enjoys,
And when he has broken, can mend all his toys.

* * * * *

Old Mother Hubbard has grown very old,
And has oft the rheumatics and violent cold;
But her dear little doggie (oh, may none have worse!)
Proves an excellent Doctor, a Friend, and a Nurse.

A was an Archer.

A WAS an archer, and shot at a frog,
Who, missing it, fell head over heels in a bog.

Bow, Wow, Wow!

BOW, wow, wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's dog:
Don't you know me now?
Where's Tom Tucker gone?
Bark, bark, bark!
To milk the cow—I hear him now,
A whistling 'cross the park!

Roaming Puss.

PUSSY CAT, pussy cat, where have you been?
Oh, I've been to London to see the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, how did you go?
Oh, I just took a Hansom right over the snow.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
Oh, I frightened a little mouse under her chair.
Pussy cat mew, did she ask you to dine?
Yes, on ratafees, boiled mice, and gooseberry wine.

Jack and the Beanstalk.

PITY a poor old gipsy,
And be a generous lad!'
The youth bestowed his bread and beer;
She smiled—'twas all he had.

'My dear, I'll make your fortune—
Attend to what I say;
This bean plant in your garden,
And watch it day by day.'

With this the old dame vanished,
And left his food and beer.
Young Reynard he was puzzled:
Says he, 'It's precious queer!'

He found wrapp'd in the paper
A bean of giant size—
For planting full directions,
Which add to his surprise.

'Sow it on Friday evening,
A little after dark,
Amongst the new potatoes,
The side against the park.

From ditch take a dead black cat,
Which shall enrich the root,
And ere you are much older
Come out and gather fruit.'

Young Reynard found the black cat,
Young Reynard dug the hole,
And Friday after sunset
Out from the cottage stole.

The bean, in length three inches,
With phosphorescence bright,
Shines like a monstrous glowworm,
With sparks of fitful light.

The cat he first deposits,
Then sprinkles o'er with mould;
Her mouth somehow lies open,
And in the large bean rolled.

The lad is rather frightened,
But draws the loose soil round,
Stamps on the top to level,
Then darts home with a bound.

That night he lay a-dreaming
Of all that him befell;
No one had seen his actions,
And none he means to tell.

But in the morn his mother
Cried, 'Jack, look! here's a sight!
A large and wondrous bean-stalk
Has sprung up in the night!'

Its stem, about a yard thick,
Was hollow from the root;
Above, amidst rich foliage,
Were many luscious fruit.

Plums of the size of pumpkins
Had fallen to the ground,
O'erbalanced by their ripeness,
And strewed the garden round.

Their taste was most delicious,
But when he cracked a stone
He found, in place of kernel,
A pair of boots full grown.

He quickly broke another,
And there he found a coat;
In next a pair of trousers;
In pocket a short note.

'On Friday after sunset,
When dressed in your new suit,
Alone go with your lantern,
And seek the beanstalk root.'

Each night fresh fruit descended,
In which, securely packed,
He found most useful raiment,
When he the shells had cracked.

One day he thought to climb it,
But, sadly pierced and torn,
Fell, and left half his jacket
Upon a giant thorn.

The beanstalk had a small rent,
Which every morning shrunk;
In this he placed his garments—
He used it for a trunk.

Oh, how he longed for Friday!
Then hurried out with glee,
Taking his old dark lantern,
To seek the wondrous tree.

The aperture has widened—
He enters with a grin,
And finds a small rope ladder
Securely placed within.

"Tis wondrous strange!' thought Reynard;
'Of course I shall ascend:
I want to scale the tree-top,
And see the other end.'

Hand over hand he rises,
But climbing finds no jest,
The great height much surprises;
He seeks a moment's rest.

It took nigh twenty minutes
Before he struck his head
Against the hollow tree-roof,
Which widened like a shed.

His lantern raised, he tapped round,
Sought where the bark was thin,
When lo! a voice like thunder
In answer cried, 'Come in!'

But Jack, for ever wary,
Thought, 'Here I'd rather bide,
Until I can discover
Who's there on t'other side.'

With darkened lamp he listened,
And just heard nothing more
For full the next five minutes;
Then lo! a sudden snore.

He then sought round for entrance,
But ne'er a door could find,
So carved a little peep-hole
To see what is behind.

Upon a bed of bean-leaves
A mighty giant lays;
The rising moon reveals him,
To Jack's astonished gaze.

His breathing mocks a tempest,
When breakers lash the shore ;
But oh ! 'tis worse than thunder
When he begins to snore !

Jack's for a moment daunted,
At loss what next to do ;
Then cuts an oval panel,
Which he can enter through.

'Tis in a darksome corner,
The bark he can replace,
And with string-made hinges,
So none the door may trace.

The Giant, now grown restless,
Begins to yawn and gape,
And whistles for his servant ;
When lo ! appears an ape.

' I cannot sleep for dreaming
Of some rich feast to come !
There's young blood near ; I smell it !
So jolly, fee-fo-fum !'

The careless monkey looked out,
But never glanced within.
' There's no provisions here, sir.
Worse luck !' He gave a grin.

' Go, fetch the golden pheasant,
And mind that she's well drest :
Bring, too, the box of dominoes ;
I'll play as I can't rest.'

Full dressed, the lady soon came ;
His eyes Jack scarce believes ;
She's neither roast nor boiled, but
In pinafore with sleeves ! [decked

She perched upon a table,
Beside the Giant's bed,
And with him played at dominoes :
Jack noted all they said.

' I'll bet you,' quoth the Giant,
' Some oats, you young blackleg !'
' And I,' replied the Pheasant,
'Will lay a golden egg.'

They played—the giant cheated,
The Golden Pheasant lost ;
But still strove 'gainst his foul play,
Until three eggs it cost.

Then both all of a sudden,
Rolled off o'erpowered by sleep :
When Jack creeps through the panel,
Those eggs to snatch and keep.

The door secured behind him,
He rapidly descends ;
To make another visit
He very soon intends.

The three eggs in the morning
He found were solid gold ;
In weight about six ounces,
For many pounds they're sold.

Next eve again he clambered,
And sought his door again ;
Within he heard a growling,
The Giant was in pain.

A pair of apes attended,
And brought him various fruit ;
But still he groaned in anguish,
Their remedies don't suit.

'I want flesh and must have it;
Now go and fetch me some.
There's young blood near, I smell it!
So jolly, fee-fo-fum!'

The careless monkeys looked out,
But never glanced within:
'There's no provisions here, sir.
Worse luck!' They gave a grin.

'Go, fetch the golden pitcher,
'Tis in my old great coat,
Then shake it full of porter,
And pour it down my throat.'

An ape the jug brought forward,
But brings it downside up:
It seems a tiny measure —
About a breakfast-cup.

And though it was quite empty,
When he the bottom smote
At once the beer frothed over,
And trickled down his throat.

Another and another,
Repeated yet again;
As often changed the liquor,
And dropped like showers of rain.

At length the monster slumbered,
The apes then take a drink—
About a dozen jugs full;
Then off the creatures slink.

'Now is my time!' thought Reynard,
'The coat's in yonder nook.'
He entered, searched the pocket,
And thence the gold jug took.

'I'm very dry with waiting,
But now I'm safe outside
'I'll drink his health at parting;'
The jug the draught supplied.

His uncle kept a wine-shop,
At th' outskirts of the town;
Think's Jack, 'I'll make his fortune,
And I shall win renown.'

It happened to be fair-time,
And many folks about;
The stores of Reynard's uncle
Were nearly all cleared out.

The jug itself was golden—
A treasure in itself;
But liquor it produced brought
Them both a mine of wealth.

Next night Jack thought he'd visit
His giant friend once more,
And quickly after sunset
He gains the hidden door.

But lo! the monster's wakeful,
There's some one else inside;
Both seated at the table—
The Giant and his bride.

Her food she cannot relish,
She for a bride looks glum!
'You've got young blood concealed,
I smell it, fee-fo-fum!' [sir,

'Indeed I've not, my darling!
You only smell the ape;
There's nothing else here living—
At least in human shape.'

But still she said, ' I smell it!
Oh ! pray sir, give me some
For this our wedding supper ;
Do, dearest, fee-fo-fum !'

In vain the Pheasant came in,
Though lazy still she lays ;
The bride is out of temper,
And gives no golden praise.

The Violin appearing,
Made a low graceful bow,
And said, ' My noble master,
What tune would you like now ?'

'What music would you like, dear ?'
'Oh ! anything that's handy !
I love a merry jig best :
Let us have "Drops of Brandy !"'

The Giant wants his gold jug,
Ape perpetrates a joke ;
Says, ' Long ago it was cracked,
And that last night it broke.'

'Go fetch the golden fiddle,
And don't forget the bow ;
We'll have some dancing music
Ere for our stroll we go.

The fiddle screwed her head up,
And dancing with her bow,
Skipped round to her own music ;
The Giantess laughed so,

That with her lord she danced too,
As fast as she was able,
A kind of giant galop,
Around the small deal table.

At length they're both exhausted
With exercise and weather,
And forth the young pair sallied,
To take a stroll together.

'Now is my time!' thought Reynard,
And gently he stole in,
To snatch up bow and fiddle—
A prize well worth to win.

The fiddle and her young friend
Were talking of the weather,
And after their exertion
Some resin shared together.

But ere Jack reached the table,
One of the apes he saw;
He'd but time to dive under—
'Twas well he'd closed his door:

For soon the pair returning,
For slumbering undress;
Poor Reynard's in a tremble,
Feels in a jolly mess.

The lady, grown facetious,
Cries, as she slipped her sandal:
'Now let us race—the last in bed
Shall extinguish the candle!'

This race saved poor Jack's bacon,
Else he had soon been eaten;
They both declared they smelt him,
Yet neither would be beaten.

The Giant would have won it,
When the lady, for a lark,
O'erturned the flick'ring candle;
And now they're in the dark.

Jack rises with th' occasion,
And, grasping fiddle, rushes
To gain his secret exit
Before the scrimmage hushes.

Which one has proved the winner
He cares not half a feather:
I think it was a dead heat;
They knocked their heads together.

Jack felt still in a tremble
When he had gained the root;
And to refresh and cool him
He ate a luscious fruit.

The stone he broke next morning—
A prize to find inside;
But there is but a letter
His future course to guide.

At twelve o'clock, it tells him,
To seek the tree once more,
And take a pot of treacle
That lies within the door;

To climb aloft and pour it
In two jars tall and wide;
'And mind you smear the edges,
And spill some, too, outside.

The giants will at mid-day
Seek shade in top of tree;
The two apes will be napping;
So you will no one see.

To-night you must distinguish
Yourself, and win a wife;
The giant race extinguish,
And you'll be rich for life.

Within the tree a long rope
Hangs from the top to bottom,
With this the monsters strangle
When by the neck you've got 'em.

You'll have an hour exactly—
From twelve o'clock till one ;
But do not tarry later,
Or you for life must run !

Make holes above their bed-head,
And lay the hidden rope
All ready to cast over,
With slumberers to cope ;

And mind you bring your jackass,
He will assistance lend
When you may wish for pressure
At the rope's other end.

Prepare some old straw rubbish,
The hollow tree to smoke :
To fumigate the monsters
Will prove a pleasing joke !

Wait till the clock has struck one,
And you will find them snoring ;
As 'tis the Giant's birthday,
Of liquor he'll take more in.'

Jack was a lad of spirit,
But seems to hesitate :
To kill a pair of giants,
And also find a mate,

Is rather an adventure
For older hands than he ;
But yet he thinks he'll do it—
He loves a jolly spree.

The wind has seized his grey coat,
Nigh turned it inside out;
His cap o'er hedges vanished:
He almost feels in doubt.

But gaining now the bean-tree,
Without the ass he tied,
And clambering up soon warmed him.
To dare he does decide.

A little flickering rushlight,
Enough to guide his eyes,
Showed that the pair were sleeping:
His double noose he tries.

The first cast short has fallen,
And caught the Giant's nose;
He lifts it, rather frightened,
As you may well suppose.

Again the lasso dashes,
And twines around their necks,
Seeming to draw itself tight—
Such luck he ne'er expects.

Then down the ladder sliding,
He drew the long rope tight,
Which quick as thought he managed
With the donkey to unite.

Gently he strained the cable,
Then with a sudden dash
He urged the jackass forward,
When lo! a horrid crash.

The weak partition broken,
The monsters are dragged through,
Right headlong down the tree-trunk.
What now, can Reynard do?

Ah! there's the old straw rubbish;
His lantern glass has broke;
A spark the flame has kindled,
And dense the clouds of smoke.

He wisely backed the jackass,
Whose heels defend the gap
If either's a survivor,
By any sad mishap.

Jack waited near an hour,
But nought the silence broke;
The fire burnt itself out,
The wind had cleared the smoke.

And then he finds the couple,
A pair of giant wrecks:
The fall had done its duty,
Had broken both their necks.

Where shall he hide the bodies?
At first he cannot tell;
The ass drags them to water—
All is well that ends well.

Again young Reynard entered
The tree as it struck four;
What wonders next will greet him?
Of monsters are there more?

He glanced around with caution,
There's nought in human shape;
Except above each jar top
The stern parts of each ape.

In licking up the treacle,
O'erbalanced there's no doubt;
They're kept in that position,
Because they can't get out.

Jack nearly laughs to bursting,
And treats them with a stick ;
The monkeys feel so awkward,
And both are rather sick.

Then with a pail of water
He hastens to relieve :
A struggle and a gurgle,
And they have ceased to breathe.

You're master now of all things ;
The day is breaking fast ;
I'll show you all your treasures,
When you've had your repast.

She flapped her wings—there enter
On hind legs, a fat hare ;
Who carries on a waiter
A most delicious fare.

Jack takes a seat and ponders,
When in walks Golden Pheasant,
And wishes him 'Good Morning!'
Her tone was kind and pleasant.

'You have destroyed my tyrant,
And ended all my woes ;
No more my rest is broken
With games at dominoes.

Hot rolls and smoking coffee,
Eggs, jam, and buttered toast,
A jug of foaming porter,
And chickens boiled and roast.

Young Reynard was delighted,
For he had hungry grown ;
And smiling at the Pheasant,
Said, 'Are you, too, my own?'

'Your humble slave and servant,
For ever I must be;
Since you from giant bondage
This night have rescued me.

My mother was a princess,
Whom you last month have seen
Disguised as a gipsy—
She gave to you the bean.

The Giant thought to eat me—
The thought was most unpleasant;
Though p'raps you'll think the right
To do with any pheasant. [thing

That wretched monster seized me,
And even raised his knife:
I watched his hungry features,
And trembled for my life.

'Twas then my mother changed me,
To save me from his power;
Though still I've been his victim,
Since that most direful hour.

For really it was trying,
And I felt most absurd;
Though oft I'd sung that queer song,
"Oh, that I were a bird!"

A rat brought me a letter—
He clambered up the tree,
To tell me you were coming,
That you would set me free.

I heard you at the panel,
So you may well suppose
That I was much excited;
So lost at dominoes.

But if you'd like a game, sir,
I'm ready at your will:
I think that I could beat you—
You then could mark my skill.'

But Jack declines at present:
'Another time, my dear;
There's much I wish to see now,
And much from you would hear.'

First: have you other monsters
Residing in this tree?
I'm eating some one's breakfast,
Who p'raps may dine off me.'

'There's no one here to fear, sir,
Unless it be the lion;
He's little had to live on,
We'll find him food to die on.

You will not want these old apes,
Theirs is a roughish skin;
Their flesh by no means tempting;
On them let him begin.'

He raised the potted monkeys,
Served up with treacle-sauce;
And dragged them to the entrance.
The lion's chained, of course.

But no, the lion's rampant,
His bones nigh through his skin;
They're welcomed with a low bow,
The monkeys with a grin.

'A second course must follow,
Delay and he'll be vext;
And being over-hungry,
Is sure to eat you next.

We've not much stores at present—
Two lambs, a pig, some geese :
But he must have for dinner
Far more than even these.

Are you well skilled in fishing ?
I mean, for goats and sheep:
I'll show you how to catch 'em—
We angle rather deep.

A bunch of fruit or carrots,
Suspended with a hook,
Descends amongst the branches,
And thus a beast is took.

We haul them up with pleasure,
Such food is quite a treat ;
But Giant's been a-courting,
So we are short of meat.

Some time Jack fished with patience,
But not a nibble saw,
When lo ! the lion's bell rang ;
They hear a mighty roar.

'Run !' cried the Golden Pheasant,
'Take lambs, and geese, and pig ;
Though they are not sufficient,
They'll help to make him big.

Jack drove the cattle forward,
The lion made a bow ;
He feels his strength returning—
In fact, is lively now.

Jack to his perch returns quick,
Ah ! has he got a bite ?
The line he left a dangling
Has jerked, and is drawn tight.

Next thing? But Jack retreated,
He could not well stand by
And see his friend ill treated,
His dear old comrade die.

He went again a-fishing,
But Pheasant cried 'Enough!
The ass will bear him right through,
And prove his *quantum suff.*

Come, see the golden ices!
The late old giant's hoard:
These you must soon remove, sir,
And have securely stored.'

She showed him bars and ingots
Of tapering yellow gold;
'We find them in the tree-top,
They're sunbeams fixed by cold.

But, like all other riches,
They soon may melt away;
And also may be stolen—
We'll hide them, sir, to-day.

Hark! there's a sound like thunder,
As if a boiler rusted,
O'ercharged with steam, exploded.
See! 'tis the lion bursted!'

His skin grown thin had tightened,
Cracked in its wrinkled creases,
And with the inward pressure
At last had burst to pieces.

The Pheasant flapped her light wing,
To call the carrion crows:
(That such things happened ev'ry day
A stranger might suppose).

'I'll show you now the greenhouse—
We only grow rich fruit;
Each plum you see's a diamond—
That's gold-dust at the root.

Those pods contain our seed pearls—
They grow a wondrous size;
The Giant was a micer,
And planted these cats' eyes.

The emeralds, like taties,
Were started in yon pot;
But, being over-watered,
I think have gone to rot.'

They stroll into an arbour
Of climbing, fragrant flowers;
'Here!' said the weary Reynard,
'I could repose for hours.

For nights I've been a-working,
And, truth must be confest,
I feel a little drowsy,
So here will take a rest.'

'Ere slumb'ring' said the Pheasant,
'This ring place on my toe:
A little shining plain thing,
Which you again may know.'

He did as she requested,
And then fell fast asleep;
He really was nigh worn out,
His rest was sound and deep.

For full an hour unconscious,
Then with a yawn he woke;
'Where is my golden pheasant?
'Twas you, I think, that spoke.'

His eyes at length are opened--
Indeed they opened wide—
To find a lovely damsel
Close seated by his side.

'I am your Golden Pheasant!
Have made another change;
And took the time you rested
My toilet to arrange.'

Oh! wasn't she most charming?
Jack ne'er had seen before
A being half so lovely:
He only could adore.

'And may I hope to win you,
To gain you for my bride?'
'I am your Golden Pheasant!'
The charming maid replied.

She raised her little fingers,
And then the engaging thing,
Pointed with smiles and blushes,
To the engaged ring.

But true love ne'er runs smoothly:
Jack had but snatched one kiss,
And pressed her to his fond heart,
Ere something checked his bliss.

A monstrous bird descending,
Whose black wings cloud the air,
Perched on a low bough near them,
And frights the trembling pair.

Jack rushes up to shield her,
And draws his long sharp knife:
'My darling, I'll defend you,
As long as I have life.'

But see! the eagle changes,
Her feathers soften down—
Oh, wonder and amazement!—
Into a hood and gown.

The eagle's beak has altered
Into a gipsy's nose;
The daughter, crying 'Mother!'
Her arms around her throws.

'You're over-young to marry,
My dears!' the matron said;
'But you shall mate each other
Ere many months have fled.

But Jack must do some bold deeds
Ere settling down for life;
Then he shall have a fortune,
And a princess for his wife.

To-day he starts his journey,
And you this tree forsake:
For ere the hour of midnight
'Twill fall into the lake.

The hollow trunk is rotten,
And charred with last night's fire.
At once remove all treasure
You any way desire.

Except the gold and jewels,
There's little else to save:
These we will hide for safety
Within my secret cave.'

Jack, by the gipsy's order,
Dug in the trunk, and there,
Some feet below the surface,
He found a secret stair.

A rocky cavern entered,
Was found both dry and light;
'Here,' said the dame's, 'your strong room,
And here we stay till night.

First store away your treasure,
Then go and take a walk—
A climb amongst the branches;
Young folks delight in talk.

But mind you're down by seven,
The hour I take my tea:
And bring the golden hedgehog
Safe from the top of tree.'

Like two young doves the lovers
Have feathered well their nest;
And then aloft are soaring,
The dame's hedgehog in quest.

'My mother is a queer one,
But, Jack, we must obey;
For well I know her power
Our actions to repay.'

Bough after bough they clambered,
It was a giddy height:
But Jack was half a sailor,
To him 'twas true delight.

Now they approach fair flowers,
Of ev'ry varied hue:
Now fruit the most delicious—
Jack plucked enough for two.

Once Flora lost her foothold,
And would have come to grief,
But Reynard rushed and caught her:
She trembled like a leaf.

The tree-top seems far distant,
His cottage but a speck:
Shall they attain the summit?
Will either break a neck?

'But we must get the hedgehog,
Although it is a bore.'
'Never say die!' says Jack, 'dear;'
My song's "Excelsior."'

The topmost bough surmounted,
They ne'er a pig can see:
There's nothing but a large fruit—
A pumpkin it must be.

''Tis prickly all over,
Can this be it, my dear?
There's nothing like a hedgehog
But this, I'm certain, here.

'Tis gathered: when, like cannons,
Each large bough cracks and shivers;
The fruit roll down like hailstones,
Each leaf curls up and withers.

The tree shrinks in a moment,
To barely half its size;
They slide down in amazement,
Yet hold the prickly prize.

A distant clock strikes seven
As they the cavern reach;
The gipsy took the pumpkin,
And gave a kiss to each.

'Now, whilst the tea is brewing,
The hedgehog I must hatch;
For really 'tis important
That he is up to scratch.

The earth above he'll level,
And, though it sounds absurd,
Will play the part of sexton
When we are safe interred.'

Upon the smoking embers
The dame the pumpkin laid;
And soon it cracked and opened,
When out the hedgehog strayed.

As soon as tea was over
Jack went in search of fruit,
And rigged him for his journey
In a black velvet suit.

'Oh, mother!' cried the daughter,
On viewing him with pride,
'You never have intended
Our fortunes to divide?'

In tears the lovely Flora
Has fallen on her knees;
'I really, really love him so,
To part my heart would freeze!'

'I do not mean to part you,
But you must change your shape:
What say you to attend him,
Disguised as an ape?'

'Oh, mother! dearest mother!
I hate the very word;
I'd rather be a reptile—
A viper, or a bird.

I'd rather wear my old dress,
Though that was most unpleasant;
I'd rather flap my wings all day,
And be a golden pheasant.'

'My dears, my plans are settled,
But as your road I go,
I'll tell you as we travel
All that you need to know.

Jack must work mighty wonders,
And win a warlike name;
As Jack the Giant-Killer
He shall be known to fame.'

A rattle like artillery,
A whiz, a sudden crash,
Which shakes the very earth round,
And then a giant splash.

The tott'ring tree falls headlong,
The monstrous branches break,
And in a thousand pieces
Nigh cover all the lake.

Jack at the moment rushes,
To climb the cavern stair;
There's nothing of the stem left,
To show 'twas ever there.

The gipsy rising tells him
To draw the soil around,
Leave but a tiny entrance,
Then follow underground.

This done, she lifts the hedgehog,
To scratch about the hole;
Who hides all trace of staircase,
Then burrows like a mole.

'Our carriage, Jack, is waiting,
And as we've far to go,
I'll harness in the pony,
And then we'll drive below.'

That Flora is bewitching,
Jack feels is more than true:
But her ma's too bewitching,—
Where will she take them to?

She bolts a massive trap-door,
Now raised above their heads;
Then lifts another like it,—
Each action Reynard dreads.

Beneath her arm's the hedgehog,
Within her hand a light;
The gipsy's fast descending,
The young pair hope all's right.

About a thousand steep steps
We may say—more or less;
They follow close as may be,
Though I must here confess,

The arm that steadied Flora,
So tightly clasped her waist,
It rather served to hinder
Than to increase her haste.

At length they reached a level,
And there's a boat on wheels;
The hedgehog soon is harnessed,
And quite at home he feels.

Jack handed in the ladies,
But kept near Flora's side:
The tramway still is downhill,
An easy, pleasant ride.

Mile after mile is traversed,
Until at length a splash:
The boat is on a canal,
The hedgehog needs no lash.

He pulls along so steady,
So swiftly, that the tide,
Caused by some falling waters,
Is clearly from that side.

The roof in parts is lofty,
Their torch scarce parts the gloom;
At other times the channel
But just affords them room.

Jack notes the massive crystals
Which in the torchlight shone;
The gipsy dame informs him
Each is some precious stone.

At length they near a chasm,
And hear the angry roar
Of heavy-falling waters:
Jack trembles to the core.

'My dears, these are the rapids
Which we have got to shoot;
Most like we get a ducking—
Let each one grasp a fruit.'

The noise grows louder—louder—
Like lightning now they glide:
The hedgehog doesn't like it,
So takes a seat inside.

Breathless they hold their pumpkins,
Hollowed to make them float:
Their pace is now terrific,
And scarcely can they note

How mother, cunning creature!
Has changed into a seal,
And crawled to a snug corner,
Where she may safer feel.

Jack fondly kissed his Flora,
And then they felt the splash :
Head over heels the whirlpools
Them and the frail boat dash !

All are in sudden darkness ;
Down, and yet down they go :
Jack feels as if all's over,
Yet finds the pumpkin grow.

The waters soon grow calmer,
He finds himself afloat,
The pumpkin rolling forward,
And yonder is the boat.

And there is Flora in it,
Soaked, by her mother's side :
'You're late !' the dame said, frowning,
'I must this dawdling chide.

But soon we stop for breakfast,
And you will both require
To stand for half an hour,
And dry before the fire.

Bring in the pair of pumpkins,
For they contain our store.
I'm glad you haven't lost them,
For hunger you'd deplore.'

They land and feast, and, now dry,
They take the boat again,
And onward go quite merry ;
Jack can no more refrain.

'Good mother, may I hear now
What you require of me ?'
'Wait patiently an hour,
And we at home shall be.

I may unfold just this much,
The Giant whom you slew
Has three or four young brothers,
Whom you must clear off, too.'

At length again they landed,
And take an upward course;
Their progress getting slower,
Jack walks to rest the horse.

But soon the rocks close round them,
The end seems gained at last ;
'Jack, have you any matches ?
For I the rock must blast.'

Above them is a black hole,
Which proves a lofty shaft :
What can the dame be up to ?
Jack fears she has gone daft.

A charge of some queer powder
She drives into a hole ;
Then, guiding, makes the boat-car
Right o'er the spot to roll.

The hedgehog, smelling danger,
Again has jumped inside,
Just as the dame leaned over
And the bright torch applied.

A terrible explosion,
And they ascend the shaft ;
Jack feels he's being blown up,—
The gipsy only laughed.

They're shot into a crevice,
Jack hands the ladies out ;
Alone to find his way back
Would puzzle him, no doubt.

Above them in the dark shaft
An iron cage was slung ;
Within which, placed to raise it,
A squirrel-wheel was hung.

They walk around inside it,
And rise by slow degrees ;
The hedgehog takes his part too,
The only one at ease.

Soon water from the summit
Is helping them, they feel,
By turning round the paddles
Which stand beyond the wheel.

At last their journey ended,
They reach a spacious cave;
'Above, Jack, is our cottage :
Welcome, my son so brave!

The hedgehog up will burrow,
And show you where to go ;
Your head and arms the loose soil
Can clear away, I know.'

Jack was a pushing fellow,
He gropes, and oh, what joy!
When, near the surface sighted,
He sings out, 'Land ahoy!'

(*See sequel, 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' page* 131.)

Charlie.

IS it owing to water, or owing to tea,
That it's half the seas over with Charlie?

Cinderella.

ONCE on a time three blooming girls
Lived near the White Horse Cellar,
The elder names were Maud and Jane,
The younger, Cinderella.

The first two thought themselves A 1,
Whom all men must admire ;
So Cindy did the dirty work,
And had to tend the fire.

One night there was a charity ball
Held somewhere in the parish,
And they had been invited all,
For they were passing fairish.

'Of course we'll go,' Miss Maud replied,
'But really now, oh, dear me !
To ask this sad untidy child !
They can't know her, I fear me.'

So Cindy decked her sisters out,
In muslin white and flowers,
And now must work, or wash and wait,
Through many weary hours.

The cab departing, down she went,
With tears into the kitchen,
Put all the pots and kettles straight,
And then took up her stitching.

The night was cold, and she was sad,
(That ball was her desire).
Now, wearied with her hard day's toil,
She nodded to the fire.

Hark ! what is that ? I heard a noise !
Oh ! can it be a mouse ?
No wonder they come back again,
Since Puss has fled the house ! '

A little form, a tiny voice—
'My dear, your sorrows smother,
And you shall also grace the ball,
For I'm your fairy mother.'

The visitor then shook her wand,
And in ran four fat mice,
Who by a magic touch were turned
To horses in a trice.

A lemon tumbled from a shelf,
And rolled upon the floor ;
The fairy changed it to a coach
Ere it had reached the door.

Some black-beetles were then impressed
For footmen and for driver;
The fairy changed them ready dressed,
She was such a contriver!

Then Cinderella, with a touch,
Is clothed with silk and lace;
No trouble to prepare herself—
Not e'en to wash her face.

'My dear,' the little fairy cried,
'Now go and have a dance;
Don't eat too much, don't flirt too much:
Your fortune I'll advance.

But mind you're home again by one,
Or all my gifts will vanish;
You, left but in your underclothes,
They from the scene would banish.

Besides, your sisters must not know
What you have been about;
So mind that you return in time—
Don't let them find you out.'

The ball's beyond description fine;
She danced each waltz and galop,
And no quadrille did she sit still,
But sailed round like a shallop.

'Now really, sir, I must decline;
'Tis time for me to go, sir.'
'Oh, stay! oh, stay but this next waltz!'
'I really must say No, sir.'

The clock struck one, and off she ran:
She felt her raiment slipping;
Her shoes feel loose, but it is no use,
Without one off she's tripping.

The youth caught but a parting glance
As she fled through the door,
But pressed her slipper to his heart—
He picked it from the floor.

The morrow morn as Maud and Jane
Were talking o'er the ball,
The Sheriff, in his coach of state,
Approached to make a call.

'I come with urgent orders from
His worship the Lord Mayor,
To bring a box of sweetmeats
To you three ladies fair,

And all that were invited
To grace the ball last night,
And ask you all to try this shoe,
If it fits loose or tight.

He found it on the staircase,
And wishes to restore
It to its rightful owner;
Perchance, you guess wherefore?'

Then Maud, whose feet were clumsy,
Declined to try, and smiled;
'That shoe to me appears to be
The slipper of a child.'

But Jane, who down to toes has pride,
Resolves to get her foot in it:
She tried and tried, and nearly cried,
But no, her sole can't put in it.

'Now let this other lady try,
Her form is slim and slight.'
'What nonsense!' both the girls reply;
'She stayed at home last night!'

The Sheriff smiled, but gave a chair
To Cind (whose hands were greasy):
'Allow me, miss, to try your foot.'
(The slipper went on easy.)

'I've but one other message,
To ask you all to dine
This evening at the Mansion House—
All three; pray don't decline.'

They went, and Cind her partner
Found out to be the Mayor;
And he failed not to recognise
In her his lady fair.

Of course they soon got married,
And though she was no heiress,
In splendour dressed she matched the best,
For she was Lady Mayoress.

Hark! what is that? a knock—a ring!
And Cindy, with surprise,
Starts from her seat in wonder,
And yawns, and rubs her eyes.

'Tis Maud and Jane come home;
They did not like the ball.
Had they but known how stupid,
They'd never gone at all.

In fact, poor Cinderella,
Although she'd never been,
Enjoyed the ball far better
Than they who graced the scene.

It was not long, however,
Ere she became a wife
(I think 'twas to a shoemaker),
And lived a happy life.

Whilst her unhappy sisters
(Who never found a lover),
Now there's no Cindy left to fret,
Quarrelled with one another.

The Three Niggers.

THREE Niggers came a-singing into our town,
One they called Jack Robinson, and one they called Tom Brown ;
The third a funny fellow (the one that played the bones),
Had been a jolly sailor—they called him Davy Jones.

Pretty Maid.

PRETTY Maid, pretty Maid, where have you been ?'
'Gathering flowers, for I am May Queen ;
And this is the blithest of days ever seen,
For we're all invited to dance on the green.'

Lady Bird.

LADY-BIRD, Lady-bird, fly away, quick!
Your house now is blazing, and burns like a stick;
Your children all roasted but fat little Ann,
And she will be toasted as brown as she can.

Pat a Cake.

PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
Make us a cake, sir, as fast as you can;
Stick it, and prick it, and mark it with G,
And toss it into the oven for Teddy and me.

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
Mix it and bake it as sharp as you can;
For a nice little luncheon is very much needed.
And please make it of plums, sir; we don't like it seeded.

Ding, dong, Bell.

DING, dong, bell! pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.
Oh, what a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor pussy cat!

Ding, dong, bell! Johnny's in the well!
How did he fall in? Playing near the brim.
He tried again to drown the cat, overbalanced and fell in flat.
And now the ding, dong, bell will toll
When Johnny's buried in the hole!

To Market, to buy a Fat Pig.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig!
Home with it! home with it! jiggety jig!
Stuff it till Christmas and make a fat hog,
Then at Smithfield Show win a prize! jiggety jog!

Doctor Foster.

OLD Doctor Foster,
On his mare rode to Glo'ster,
In a terrible deluge of rain.
Being neither aquatics,
They both caught the rheumatics,
And in bed seem to wriggle with pain.

Cross-Patch.

CROSS-PATCH! there's few draw her latch,
As she sits by the fire to spin,
And when she would sup she must fill her own cup,
For her neighbours they never drop in.
Cross-Patch has ne'er found a match,
And for ever will be an old spin;
Who for life could put up with a sharp bitter cup,
May attempt this sweet creature to win.

The Racing Stud.

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
How they tramp! how they champ! now they stand still!
Through richest of pasture they drive might and main,
Who, though easy to manage, few men can restrain:
But should they grow restive, as soon as we're able
They're dragged forth, no more to return to our stable.

The Old Woman in the Shoe.

THERE was an old woman that lived in a shoe,
Had so many children she didn't know what to do;
So she gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Now the shoe that she lived in I've heard was Shoe Lane,
Where the dame kept a school, and the birch produced pain
In a flock of small children, of whom it was said,
That they sometimes smelt porridge, but seldom saw bread.

Three Blind Mice.

THREE blind mice! see how they run!
They all ran after the butcher's wife.
She cut off their tails with the carving knife.
Did you ever hear tell of such a wretch in your life
To three blind mice?

Three blind mice! see how they run!
They all ran to London to Doctor Bright,
Who shed on each eyeball a ray of light:
'Twas cat-erect' he said, which had dimmed the sight
Of these three blind mice.

Three blind mice! see how they run!
They all ran to pay out the butcher's wife,
Who cut off their tails; and with mischief rife
They plagued all the days of her sad sad life,
Did these three blind mice.

Polly Flinders.

LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her dear little toes;
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Little Polly Flinders
Once more sought the cinders;
Her mother had gone out:
This time she ventured nigher,
And set her dress on fire,
And it served her right, no doubt.

Doctor Faustus.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS! wonderful man!
Thrashes his scholars as much as he can:
But it does them all good, for the roughest young ape
In a very few weeks he can lick into shape.
He has studied deportment in England and France,
And believe me, my boys, he can make a chap dance.

Jumping Joan.

HERE I am, little Jumping Joan!
When I'm beside myself, then I'm alone;
What I prefer is some one beside me—
Some one to love me, not one to chide me.

Bye, Baby! Bye!

BYE, baby! bye! Oh, that I could sell you!
Let one offer but half your cost,
And you are sold, I tell you.

The Well.

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
Yet all the king's horses can ne'er draw it up:
And well it is so, or, from cunning and craft,
The iron-tailed cow would get never a draught.

Say, Sawyer Sack-o'-down.

SAY, Sawyer Sack-o'-down,
Which way, and how far, up to London town ?'
'Put one foot up and the other foot down,
And follow your nose and you'll come to town !'
'Ah that's all very fine for you to talk,
But my nose off was froze, and these stumps can't walk.'

Cuckoo on Cherry-tree.

CUCKOO on cherry-tree
Will eat all the fruit,
And leave none for me :
So a dose of good powder,
And a sprinkle of shot,
Shall render his lodging there rather too hot.

Henny Penny.

IF Henny-Penny comes here to beg,
Old Henny-penny must lay me an egg.
If I give you nice barley and bread-crumbs to eat,
You must lay me an egg just by way of a treat.

Come, Shoe the Young Horse.

COME, shoe the young horse,
And saddle the mare ;
And let us make merry,
At Donnybrook fair !'

Birds of a Feather.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so do geese and swine;
Fools, too, throng together,
And get tarr'd with one feather:
Such friends let us resign.

Rats and Mice.

RATS and mice, come out to play,
Now is our time, for the cat's away:
In the larder are candles, and cheese, and fish,
So each can regale off his favourite dish.
Come up, ev'ry one who's on mischief bent,
And we'll revel and riot to hearts' content.

Little Pussy.

I LOVE little Pussy, because she's so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
But if I should tease her, or tread on her tail,
Of course she will scratch me and set up a wail.

Pretty Polly.

MARY had a funny bird,
A red-polled cockatoo;
It said and did things most absurd,
Which I can vouch as true.

It used to ask the cat to dine,
And then would drink her health:
But rarely as a host did shine,
For most he ate himself.

He stopped the cabmen as they passed,
And when the men got riled
He ever for their number asked,
Which made the meekest wild.

Then he could crow, could bark, drink beer;
But, perhaps, his greatest folly,
Which Mary most rejoiced to hear
Him say, was, 'Pretty Polly!'

Cry, Baby! Cry!

CRY, baby! cry!
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother the reason why.

Laugh, baby! laugh!
Ah! that is far better by half,
Than to boo-oo-oo like a calf.

Jack and Jill.

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
And how he did sob when they plastered his knob
With vinegar and brown paper!
Now Jack grew up, and so did Jill, as fast as one another;
But Jill had no sister's love for Jack, for he was not her brother.
Jack had a tender love for Jill,
Tow'rds her his heart had tilted;
But she ran away with a farmer's son,
And so poor Jack got jilted.

Ding Dong Darrow.

DING dong darrow,
I your feelings, alas! must harrow:
For our dog has got burnt to our sorrow,
And his burial takes place to-morrow.

Little Dolly Dumps.

LITTLE Dolly Dumps,
Been and got the mumps;
Is'nt she a figure?
Nose as large as two,
Cheeks are swollen too,
Eyes a full size bigger.

See her cap stuffed out,
See her puffed lips pout;
Ain't she like a nigger?

Jack the Giant-Killer.

(SEQUEL TO 'JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, PAGE 99.)

NOW for the great adventures,
Which Reynard battled through
With all the race of Giants,
Whom every one he slew.

At first some days of leisure
He spent exploring round,
Accompanied by Flora,
And boundless pleasure found.

But ev'ry morn ere starting,
Though she exclaimed 'Absurd!'
The gipsy mother changed her
Into a beast or bird.

At first they thought it funny,
And joy too oft found in it;
Oh, didn't she sing sweetly,
When she's a thrush or linnet!

The gipsy was peculiar,
All thought she was a witch;
And though her wealth was boundless,
None ever deemed her rich.

In fact not e'en a giant
Dared trespass on her ground;
Her cottage was a citadel,
And guarded all around.

With numerous retainers,
Though they were only cats,
She kept away intruders
In shape of men or rats.

A palisade-built rustic,
Her science so occult
Had fortified securely,
With many a cat-a-pult.

A heavy shower of stones
Each enemy would hail,
And few who ventured near her
Returned to tell the tale.

'Twas she who first invented
A powder by her craft;
The same explosive mixture
Which raised them in the shaft.

But this was now a secret,
To be kept close and quiet,
For any great occasion
When she has need to try it.

The Hedgehog proves a queer 'un,
And joins in Reynard's walk;
Till then he ne'er had spoken,
As none to him did talk.

They ever find him useful,
Getting information;
Of all that's moving anywhere
He will make an oration.

'The great Giant Cormoran's
A-foraging to-day;
Will come in this direction,
I heard his valet say.'

So keep your cattle close, dame,
And call your brave cats out;
He's heard of your prize bullocks,
And covets them, no doubt.

A good kick from his toe
Would crush your palisade;
But pepper him with stones,
And you will check his raid.'

Some cats ascend the palings,
Some cats adjust the stones,
The dame from her top turret
Gives orders in loud tones.

Jack and the lovely Flora
Are told to come inside;
'You neither must be seen here,
Or there will woe betide!'

In runs the Hedgehog breathless,
'The Giant's in the wood!
Let him but gain the open,
Then make his welcome good.'

A crackling 'mongst the branches,
A monstrous form appears,
Of full eight feet in stature;
The bold cats gave three cheers.

The air at once is darkened,
Some stones have struck his head:
The coward Giant vanished,
And went a week to bed.

Jack, Hedgehog, and fair Flora,
Next morning all combine,
The pathway to his castle
To go and undermine.

A sort of natural cavern
They've found upon the shore,
Which they can carry further,
Right underneath his door.

A robin on Jack's shoulder
Sings to relieve his toil;
The hedgehog bravely burrows,
Whilst Jack removes the soil.

The pig calls at the castle,
Returning with a grin;
And daily of the Giant
He brings a bulletin.

Their works are just completed
As he got well again;
The dame then issued orders,
A strict watch to maintain.

A pinch of her queer powder
She in the mine bestowed,
And gave the hedgehog signals
To know when to explode.

To Jack she gave a sharp sword,
A horn to raise a shout;
To call the foe to battle,
To tempt the monster out.

Directly after breakfast
(They learn from last night's talk),
The invalid will start out
To take his morning walk.

Jack hides amongst the bushes,
Until he hears a creak;
The castle doors fly open,
The Giant still seems weak.

Jack challenges to battle,
He backs to fetch his club;
'A penny drum or rattle
Would better suit this cub.

I'm not quite convalescent!
So please excuse delay:
Soon with anihilation
Your rashness I'll repay.

That witch has sent you here, child,
I thank her for a meal;
I want a change of diet,
A mooncalf makes good veal.'

'Dont talk, but fight!' cried Reynard;
'I want to try my blade:
Yet think not I shall eat you,
Of carrion I'm afraid.'

The Giant rushes forward—
The mine explodes—and then
He feels much elevated,
But soon subsides again.

His body is half buried,
His glance is one of woe;
Jack raises up a pickaxe,
And deals the fatal blow.

The frightened menials dash out,
'The witch! the witch!' they cry:
They care not for their master,
Before ten cats they fly.

The Hedgehog now appears, too,
Whose temper seems unhinged;
In letting off the powder
His tail got rather singed.

'I give you, Jack, this castle,
And all it may contain!
Though locked up for the present,
'Till you more vict'ries gain.

The Giant next to conquer,
Your skill must meet alone;
But as he's almost silly,
May be with ease o'erthrown.

This very day you start forth,
The Hedgehog knows the way;
He must not hear the tidings,
Of what we've done to-day.

This bag will hold provisions,
For you have far to go;
I'm sure you'll be successful,
Your brave young heart I know.'

* * * *

Jack parted, and the Hedgehog
Cried, 'Here's your carriage now!'
(And there's the little creature
Self-harnessed to a bough.)

Jack seats him on the soft leaves,
And off his brave steed goes,
Some six miles in the hour;
Fatigue he seldom knows.

The branch floats on the river,
Which twice they have to cross;
Jack. though a tidy swimmer,
Is drawn o'er by his horse.

At length the Giant's castle
Appears as fades the light;
Jack knocks, and as a trav'ler
Seeks shelter for the night.

His little friend the Hedgehog
He takes beneath his arm;
The Giant bids him welcome—
Jack feels a slight alarm;

'Of course he'll want to eat me;
My sword and knife I'll hide,
All ready to defend me,
Whatever may betide.'

The hedgehog had one hobby,
And round his neck would dangle,
To practise on at leisure,
A polished steel triangle.

The Giant's fond of music,
And having lately dined,
Is in the best of humours,
Though old and nearly blind.

He gives a sumptuous supper,
And presses Jack to eat—
His object is to fatten him:
They smile at his deceit.

A chamber is in order,
Where they can pass the night:
But long ere morn the hedgehog
Wakes Jack up in a fright.

They hear a step approaching,
And crawl beneath the bed:
(A sack half full of shavings
Is dragged there in their stead.)

The Giant, in the darkness,
To break and crush each bone,
Applies his heavy cudgel:
Jack feigns a well-timed groan.

'You're ready now for breakfast—
Or lunch, as I'm inclined:
I like them young and tender—
He's small, but never mind.

I rather like that hedgehog,
He seems a clever feller;
To pass a winter's evening
I'll cage him for our Bella.'

'And is there too, a lady?'
Thinks Jack, and 'Must I kill her?
If she's of extra stature
I will, or I'm a miller.'

'Now back again to slumber!'
Cries Hedgehog in a rage;
'The rascal wants to kill you,
And put me in a cage!

But at the dawn of daylight
His plans I'll ferret out,
And we shall circumvent him,
I have but little doubt.

This Bella's his grand-daughter,
And came home late at night:
I saw the funny creature,
Aged six, seven feet in height.

Like, yet unlike, her grandfather:
She can't well be thinner,
He's fat, and eats like six men—
She often needs a dinner.

I fear lest she may meet you,
And give you a sly scrunch;
She'd make no bones about it,
But finish you for lunch.'

They sleep without disturbance;
The Giant shows surprise
When Jack makes his appearance
(The damsel's late to rise).

A bowl of smoking porridge
Lies ready on the board;
And soon Jack and the Giant
Fall to with one accord.

'I hope that you've slept well, sir!
Ours is a roughish place.'
'Thank you, quite well!' said Reynard,
'Though rats ran o'er my face.

Your fine air makes one peckish,
And though you're big, 'tis true,
I'll bet you any wager
I'll eat as much as you.'

'Agreed, agreed, with pleasure!
Let same sized bowls be used;
'Twill fatten him the quicker,'
He said (aside) amused.

The boiling porridge burnt him;
His courage seems to flag;
Jack poured the steaming mouthfulls
Into his leather bag.

The Giant's eyes run water,
He utters groans of pain;
Jack says, 'Oh! how delicious!'
And fills his bowl again.

At length both basins emptied,
Jack numbers two to one;
The Giant's out of temper,
His guest enjoys the fun.

The bag puffs out his jerkin;
The porridge, no light jest
For any weak digestion,
Lies heavy on his chest.

Then Reynard taunts the Giant,
'You've lost! ah! well I knew
You big folks do the boasting:
We small ones business do.

You monsters all are cowards.
Now see me use my knife:
A pin's prick will alarm you,
We win in any strife.

Your food don't suit my stomach,
Which I rip up for fun.'
The foe, by rage nigh maddened,
Will no more be outdone;

But dashes in his long knife,
And so is overthrown:
Too late he sees his folly,
And falls down with a groan.

Now in there rushes Bella,
The gawky girl of six:
'What is it ails grandfather?'
She thinks he's playing tricks.

But finding he is lifeless,
Cries for Jack to feed her;
He has to cut her food up:
How he longs to bleed her!

Her appetite's voracious!
In fact, young Reynard tires
Of chopping up her victuals,
Yet still she more requires.

An hour he's most attentive,
But still she asks for more:
Jack has a faint opinion
She ne'er was fed before.

At length she clears the table,
And casts fond looks at Jack,
As if she'd like to eat him:
He's taken quite aback.

'Let's go into the pantry,
And get some bread and jam!'
'Tis fully his intention
The little maid to cram.

Thinks Jack, 'I'll feed her fancies,
Whate'er those fancies be;
As long as she don't fancy
To make a meal off me.'

His natural politeness,
His honour for her sex,
And thoughts of present duty,
His feelings sore perplex.

She's playful as a young cub
Just growing into power;
Who may, alas! prove dang'rous,
In an unlucky hour.

Slice after slice he cuts her,
Of bread inch thick with jam;
She smiles and cries delighted,
'How happy now I am!'

With hands and mouth besmeared o'er,
The picture of true bliss,
She seizes and gives Reynard
A long and sweet, sweet kiss.

A pair of ven'son pasties,
Of cake a monstrous hunch,
And then she said, half choking,
'I think I'll do till lunch!'

The Hedgehog now appearing,
For this delay Jack blames,
And begs them to come upstairs,
And have some jolly games.

'Let's get upon the housetop,
And throw stones at the crows:'
This Bella knows is naughty,
So up at once she goes.

Their missiles soon expended,
They play at hide-and-seek;
'Come,' see who now can jump best,
Cries Hedgehog with a squeak.

Jack jumped and jumped right fairish;
The little maiden beat him:
'Bravo!' exclaimed the Hedgehog,
'I knew that you'd defeat him!'

Jack jump'd again, and this time
His toes have struck the edge;
The Giantess, to vanquish,
Has jump'd upon the ledge.

The ledge, alas! is slippery;
A struggle and a scream;
And then she topples over—
Her head has struck a beam.

A moment she's suspended,
Held by her pinafore;
Which Hedgehog kindly loosened,
To make her downfall sure.

The child and sire they bury,
As quickly as they may;
Lock up the gloomy castle,
And take their homeward way.

* * * *

What mean these constellations,
These balls of flashing light?
What causes this commotion,
At this late hour of night?

Jack sends the Hedgehog forward,
And tarries in the wood;
The Dame's house is surrounded,
He saw from where he stood.

Three giant forms are seen now,
And with them quite a host;
A battle stern is raging—
How can Jack help the most?

'Quick!' cries the Hedgehog, 'follow!
She wants you safe inside;
Too many here are fighting,
Your sword shall yet be tried.'

They rush into some bushes,
Sink through a heap of sand,
Dart through a secret passage,
And join the beleaguered band.

The old dame from her turret
Casts down the balls of fire,
Which cling to all they come to,
And cause destruction dire.

In form they're like a chain-shot—
Two balls, one hooks on tight;
The other, like a hand-flail,
Strikes out with magic might.

One of the Giants wounded,
Has fallen in the mire;
Jack steals out for a moment,
To see him safe expire.

Jack's blade now longs for conquest,
To slay a foe or two;
He's seen—his wish is granted—
His way he must fight through.

His young, brave spirit's dauntless;
He dashes all aside,
Wounding and killing numbers:
But he is sorely tried.

How shall he ever enter,
See at secret door, her
Whom his fond heart still fights for,
His beloved Flora?

A rush of many foemen!
When from the palisade,
With teeth and claws uplifted,
Cats rush down to his aid.

The enemy seems yielding,
When suddenly they turn,
And with a cry come forward,
The horrid witch to burn.

But see, the garden engine
Is pump'd up by the witch;
But lo! in place of water,
It sends forth boiling pitch.

Their terror is tremendous,
The victory is complete;
The Giants and their menials,
Half scalded, all retreat.

* * * *

Next foe whom Jack encountered
Is a Giant double-faced;
Two heads upon his shoulders,
Which back to back were placed.

You cannot get behind him,
For both sides are before;
His knees are double-jointed—
His match you never saw.

At times he sang a duet,
Most beautiful to hear;
But when the two heads quarrelled
'Twas frightful and yet queer.

With four feet on his two legs,
He never need turn round;
No chance has he for sitting,
But lies upon the ground.

With stout clubs in his strong hands,
Two large mouths to supply,
This monster was a foeman,
Of whom all men fought shy.

But Jack and his friend Hedgehog
Have started on their course,
Resolved him to exterminate,
By stratagem or force.

At night they reach the castle,
And enter unperceived:
Now Jack had killed his brother,
For whom the Giant grieved.

Jack hid behind a curtain,
Hears many a mournful sigh;
'I saw the young wretch stick him,
I saw him bleed and die!

Oh, would I had been nearer!'
(The Giant strikes a blow,
Which almost crushed the table ;)
'This club had laid him low.'

Jack feels a warm reception
Is waiting for him here ;
He's watching for a chance now,
To drug the monster's beer.

The Dame has mixed a potion,
Which if a mortal drinks
It robs him of his senses,
And he in torpor sinks.

The mug of foaming ale there
Stands near the Giant's side,
But how is Jack to reach it ?
The Hedgehog means supplied.

He stole unto the entrance,
Then scratching near the door,
Attracts the foe's attention,
Who laughs at what he saw.

Head over heels the queer pig
Rolls onward like a ball ;
The Giant, rushing after him,
A moment leaves the hall.

Jack darts and drugs his liquor—
Has scarcely time to hide,
Ere backward with the Hedgehog
He hears the Giant stride.

What means this tingle, tingle,
This jingle and this jangle ?
The monster, with amazement,
Sees Hedgehog play triangle!

Now lolling 'gainst a pillar,
He tossed off half the beer ;
The flavour was not pleasant,
The smell seems somewhat queer.

Another mouthful tasted,
Is cast upon the ground ;
He now appears to stagger,
His head swim round and round.

He falls, and Jack out rushes—
The fit may soon be past ;
He must not lose a half chance,
The first may be the last.

With pain the monster shrieking,
Rolls over on the floor ;
Let Jack elude his strong grasp,
Or his weak life's soon o'er.

From side to side oft springing,
His blade but gives a smart ;
'Tis hard to wound his feelings,
To touch the monster's heart.

But after perseverance
Jack gives the fatal blow ;
When, hark ! there's a commotion,
A quarrel down below !

Footsteps are now approaching,
Jack glides to his recess ;
When lo ! to his amazement,
In stalks a Giantess.

She finds her husband dying,
And crying 'Oh, my dear!
I wonder how he did it ?
Ah ! has he drunk the beer ?'

Her eyes dive down the tankard—
'Tis raised, and down her throat
The drug and liquor vanish:
Results are not remote.

She feels at once the poison,
Jumps in the air with pain;
Swims round like a teetotum,
And squeaks like one insane.

Next morn they onward journey;
An Ogre in a cave
Has taken certain pris'ners,
Whom Jack resolves to save.

He hides amidst the brushwood,
The Hedgehog acts as scout;
The monster is at breakfast,
And soon will sally out.

Jack offers now to bleed her,
His weapon swift applies;
And quick as in the telling
She by her loved lord lies.

Jack throws them out of window—
Into the moat they sink;
Then he and friendly Hedgehog
To fresh successes drink.

Jack rolls along a great stone,
All ready to cast down—
It hangs above the cave mouth—
To crush the victim's crown.

The Hedgehog gives the signal,
And swiftly on it rushes,
At just the lucky moment,
And the Giant crushes.

A nobleman and lady
They found to fagots tied,
Who but for timely rescue
That very day had died.

They took Jack to their mansion,
A sumptuous banquet gave,
And early the next morning
By torchlight search the cave.

A loathsome spot they found it;
Vile reptiles creeping there,
With human bones in plenty,
Strewed here and everywhere.

* * * *

Another monstrous Giant
Infests a neighb'ring wood,
Who wields an iron-spiked club:
None yet his might withstood.

But Reynard has determined
To take him by surprise,
And after two days' feasting
Again his fortune tries.

His friends give him a fine horse,
And many things beside:
He begs a long and strong rope,
Then starts forth on his ride.

The river is much swollen,
He has to swim across;
The ford affords no footing
For either man or horse.

From thence at a short distance,
Within a pleasant glen,
They see a rustic hovel,
The mighty Giant's den.

Jack soon contrived a man-trap—
A kind of running noose,
And fixed it on the stepping-stones;
The end of rope ran loose.

And, drawn across the river,
Was fastened to the horse:
He means to drown the monster,
In spite of all his force.

When placed to satisfaction,
He raised a mighty shout,
A yell which rends the valley,
And brings the Ogre out.

'What means all this disturbance,
My worthy horseman, say?'
Jack raised his hat politely,
And asked about the way.

'My horse don't like the water;
I twice the stream have tried.'
'I'll come and lead him through, sir,'
The wily one replied.

He glides into the water—
It rises to his waist;
Another step—he's over,
Where Jack the noose has placed.

A dext'rous jerk has trapped him,
And thrown him off his feet;
The horse now drags him forward—
No chance of a retreat.

In vain are all his struggles,
They but accelerate
The moment of destruction:
He feels this, but too late.

Ah, see! he now is floating,
And being towed to shore;
Let Reynard now be careful,
The strat-a-gem he saw,

And, like a skilful angler,
He means to tire his trout;
And keep him in the water,
Till he is wearied out.

The length of rope he shortens,
And spurring on his horse,
Again he takes the river,
And drags his foe across.

This once or twice repeated,
With jerks he can't evade,
The monster so far weakened,
That Jack could use his blade.

And now the cord is loosened,
The current, somewhat strong,
Bears onward to the ocean
The hideous form along.

'Well done!' cried friendly Hedgehog,
'There's but two more to slay,
Ere loud the bells are ringing
For Flora's bridal day.

* * * *

Their homes are somewhat distant,
But Jack wants no respite;
His young heart beats for conquest,
And cries, 'We'll start to-night.'

They travel all the next day,
Through forests wild and wide;
His trusty fishing-tackle
(The rope) his cloak must hide.

And luckily he brought it,
Or sad had been his fate:
But he was skilled and cunning,
As now I will relate.

At eve they neared a castle,
One of gigantic size;
When, ere a plan's concocted,
Jack's taken by surprise.

A crash amongst the branches,
A hand has grasped him tight,
And now a heavy pressure
Has forced him to alight.

'You're just the thing I wanted!'
The monster cried with glee;
'My pantry's cleared and I've asked
A friend to sup with me.

You're welcome to my table—
Will be an honoured guest:
In fact, of my two chums you
Will suit my taste the best.'

When dragged into the castle
Jack knows that death's his doom,
Though with a bow politely
The Giant shows his room.

The massive door was bolted;
The windows soon he found
Were just above the hall-door,
Some distance from the ground.

The casement's somewhat ruined,
An iron bar gave hope;
Here he can make attachment,
And slide down by his rope.

But Reynard came on purpose
This very wretch to slay:
And shall he, like a coward,
Thus basely slink away?

Such is not his intention:
He first has fixed the door,
By driving many wedges
Between it and the floor.

The hall-door now swings open,
Jack hears a noise below,
And from the window looks in time
To see the Giant go.

The monster gazes upwards,
'I go to fetch my friend;
In less than half-an-hour
Shall all your troubles end.'

Jack's plan is formed that instant:
His foe he will defeat,
And turn 'gainst him the tables,
By vict'ry, not retreat.

A sack thrust through one window
Is to his strong cord tied,
Then to the bar 'tis fastened
(By pack-thread well applied).

At t'other end the noose is,
Which he with skill can throw,
And exquisite precision,
As Indian his lasso.

Next from the old walls crumbling
He mortar breaks, and stone;
Which, carefully to make weight,
Into the sack is thrown.

A nigh full moon arising
Affords a splendid light:
Jack looks o'er his arrangements,
And finds that all is right.

Not long is he kept waiting,
For soon he voices hears:
And high o'er many tree-tops
His host with friend appears.

Up gazing at the casement,
His swollen sack they spied;
And first 'tis their impression
They see a suicide.

Then they're completely puzzled
What Jack can be about;
But he, being good-natured,
Don't keep them long in doubt.

Their heads were laid together,
But ev'ry guess was vain:
When whiz went forth the long rope,
And now the thing grows plain.

For Jack jerked up the noose tight,
And, ere they're well aware,
The pack-thread's cut, the sack descend
And they rise in the air.

They kick! oh, how they struggle!
If now the cord should break,
I fear at no Life Office
Jack could insurance make.

They're very nicely balanced;
The rope will bear the strain:
Of silk and new hemp woven,
'Twould hold as much again.

So Reynard thought, and downwards
With sword in hand he starts:
And ere his feet have touched ground
His blade has pierced their hearts.

'Well done!' cries friendly Hedgehog;
'I've just seen in the wood
A sight quite interesting,
'Twill do your young eyes good.'

About a dozen paces,
And there, in all her charms,
Jack finds the lovely Flora—
She rushes to his arms.

The Dame, too, him embraces,
And cries, 'My valiant son!
We just have seen your triumph,
The deed was boldly done.

You're master of this castle,
And, if you're but polite,
Will give us hearty welcome,
And here we'll pass the night.

We've brought our own provisions,
As you might chance be tried
At such a short announcement
For such guests to provide.

I thought you should see Flora
Before she goes away;
For she has chose to-morrow
To be her bridal day.'

Of course the maiden blushed then,
Of course the youth looked glad,
Of course the Dame was smiling,
The Hedgehog's only sad.

'Tis parting from the young folks—
There's much upon his hands;
Just half-a-dozen castles,
And vast amount in lands.

For he's to be the steward,
And all things must prepare,
Wherever Jack and Flora
May go for change of air.

His duty for the present
Will be to renovate
And decorate the castles,
Now most dilapidate.

Next morn the queer old lady
Her large hamper unpacks;
The young folks cease to wonder,
So strange are all her acts.

She first brings out a large bag,
Of silk o'erspread with net;
Then many jars and bottles
Are soon in order set.

With chemicals a bad smell
Is readily effected,
And then, by means of a pipe,
The bag with jars connected.

It swells, and yet swells bigger;
And now, to Jack's surprise,
The bag itself stands upright,
And tries in air to rise.

By two strong ropes 'tis steadied,
And now the Dame unites
The hamper and the network,
And all of them invites

To take a seat beside her.
Reynard can only stare,
When she has cut the two ropes,
To find he's in the air.

They rise above the forest,
A stiff breeze guides them on;
And mile and mile they travel,
Ere half an hour's gone.

Fair Flora, she looks charming,
Is dressed in snowy white:
The bridegroom, in a rich suit,
Feels elevated quite.

The Dame too is resplendent—
Jack ne'er had seen before
Such rich brocaded satin,
Such lace as now she wore.

They pass o'er many a village,
The sky is bright and clear;
The rustics who behold them
Are filled with sudden fear.

Arising somewhat higher,
They speed now on their way:
And Flora puts her veil on—
Jack knows not what to say.

And now the Dame produces
Jewels as rich and rare
As Queens at coronations
Have ever had to wear.

Now rapidly descending,
What first appeared a maze
Unfolds into fine landscape,
To Jack's admiring gaze.

A speck turns to a castle,
And all around it spreads;
A mass he can't decipher—
It proves a sea of heads.

A countless crowd of people
For their appearance wait;
The Dame addresses Hedgehog,
'Come, sir, we're rather late!

Pop on this coat and trousers,
And take this hat and sword;
For you too shall be married
To-day, upon my word.'

As Jack assists his small friend,
He finds that he grows bigger:
In fact becomes a great swell,
A tall and manly figure.

At length the coat adjusted,
He turns with quite a grace,
And both young folks with wonder
Behold his handsome face.

'Your servitude is o'er now,'
The Dame exclaimed, 'my dear!
And wealth as well as honour
Await not far from here.'

Descending midst a great crowd,
They come to land again;
And now a shout of welcome
Has rent the air in twain.

King Arthur with his nobles,
And ladies of the court,
Are there to grace his wedding
Who valiant deeds has wrought.

All call him their deliv'rer,
(The Giant race extinct);
His name throughout all ages
With these great deeds is linked.

Jack and his squire are knighted;
Then soon the Priests appear
To celebrate the marriage,
And now another cheer.

Two years she deemed him faithless,
Had mourned from dawn to eve;
Restored now on the sudden,
She scarcely can believe.

The ceremony over,
The King, at Jack's request,
Enters into his castle,
With many a noble guest.

But who is this with Hedgehog,
This fair one by his side,
As lovely as a sunbeam,
Dressed also as a bride?

It is an old, yet young love,
And though her youth did change,
She ever has been constant;
Their bliss is deep as strange.

And sumptuous was the banquet,
And wine a mighty tide
Flowed from the well-filled cellar,
To toast the lovely bride.

And after heavy feasting
The monarch ordered in
A host of clerkly writers,
With many a parchment skin.

Each of a Giant's estate
A document prepares,
Which soon is sealed and settled
To Reynard and his heirs.

* * * *

Long happy lived the bridegroom,
And happy lived the bride :
The Dame attained a good old age,
And saw before she died

A host of smiling children,
Who loved to hear her talk
About the funny Hedgehog,
And of the great Beanstalk.

(Her husband died in exile,
His plots were overthrown ;
The Dame lived long in honour,
And wealth too under throne.

Jack's deeds of valiant service,
To the King related,
Had won back his favour through
Foes exterminated.)

Her wonderful inventions
She published, but in vain ;
They slept for many ages,
And then appeared again.

Each one of her six grandsons
She visited in state,
When settled in his castle,
A Giant's hold of late.

No Doubt.

NO doubt, no doubt, since the fire's gone out,
And my little wife ain't at home,
She has gone forth to spout 'Woman's Rights' about,
And I for a supper must roam.

Now though there's delights in dear woman's rights,
I must really the sad fact own,
That it anger excites on cold winter nights,
When I'm left thus to famish alone !

Gee wo, Dobbin!

GEE wo, Dobbin! the harvest's ready to carry;
Heigho, Dobbin! and I am ready to marry.
'For Robin,' says he, 'if you, Molly, loves me,
Where's the reason for us to tarry?'

Popsy Trotsy.

LITTLE Popsy Trotsy, did it fret and cry
'Cause its Topsy Wopsy put soap into his eye?
From the slopsy dropsy let her mop him dry,
And sunshine after showers shall beam from Popsy's eye.

Samuel Morgan.

SAMUEL MORGAN played the organ—
Four doleful tunes in one key;
But he could chaff, and make folks laugh,
With tricks played by the monkey.

THE END.